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THE ANCIENT DESK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THRACE TALMON.

Vetera extollimus.—*Tacitus.*

Within an upper angle, lo! it stands,
Like some chained pilgrim from remotest lands.
When morning sheds salant its golden hue,
'Tis as an antique volume, gilt anew;
And when the trembling shadows of the trees—
The cedars tall, with graceful traceries,
The abele with its leafy silverings,
The moon's soft pallid light upon it flings—
A mausoleum seemeth its hard face—
On which the spectres, weird-like symbols trace.
In truth, its darkened front so saturnine,
Of many treasured relics is a shrine,
To me, of greater worth than Mecca's stone,
The tomb of saint, or gems of Persia's throne.
Turn down the escritoir—the view will sweep
O'er range of trifling drawers and crannies deep.
Erstwhile, before they came into my care,
These same were used for a physician's wares—
Were stored with powders, pills, and many dark,
Suspicious parcels, with a Latin mark.
But now, no trace of those the senses greet,
Instead, the breath of choicest perfumes sweet.
Not Æsculapius with flowing beard,
The patron god, herein, has since appeared!
Now, in the nooks are letters—precious things!
Missives from far and near, on unseen wings;—
The thrills, the joys, the sighs, that these have brought,
The lessons from the wise that they have taught;
The hopes and prayers that they have wakened new;
The merry cheer that have exhaled the few;
The sympathetic tears that have been shed
On those which are in mourning for the dead—
Do these emotions, varied, linger here,
Like subtile, spiritual atmosphere?
Within the drawers are curious "odds and ends,"
Choice bits for memory, the gifts of friends;—
A locket with two faces in its fold,
Bijou, with quarter pocket-piece of gold—
A cherished twisted knot of sunny hair—
A tiny mitten, such as fays might wear—
Small caskets, filled with foreign treasures rare;—
A fragment of that tree which grew upon
The island grave of great Napoleon—
An exquisite fresh flower of lemon hue,
Which, scores of years ago, in Asia grew;
A nut from off an Indian isle; and shells
From where a distant sea its music swells.
Here, too, the resting-place for pen and ink,
When thoughts yet tangled to a desperate kink;
Fair quires of paper of a varied style,
Unlike the first papyrus of the Nile,
Which, dried in sunlight, polished with a tooth,
Was only used for record of the truth!
A great day that, when none looked out a "fit"
Among "characters," and claimed it for a "hit!"
We almost wish it had been ours, for then
The women left the ugly scrips to men;
They were not "blue," and never had the "blues,"
They seldom spoke, nor ever told the news;
They had no fears but they should get their "rights,"
And never "lectured," or went out of nights.
But we digress, in keeping with ourselves;—
Above this realm of ink and sprites, are shelves
For books, choice books alone, for daily food—
The truths, arts, visions of great men and good.
And these with lower spheres of homelier caste,
Complete this precious relic of the past.
Old things we most do love of all on earth,
For they're the essence of all truest worth;
Nor art, nor gold, the works have ever traced,
Which can o'ershadow those that time hath graced;
A beauty ever in their hearts lies hid,
Like richest flowers, the leaves of books amid.
A blessing on the old, we, reverent, lay—
Old homes, old household gods, the good old way;
Old friends, books, persons, preachers, great or small;
The large old Bible, best beloved of all!

Pictures of Life.

LOVE AND COWARDICE.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"What do you want with me, father Goran?" asked the young man, with a troubled accent.

"That you tell here, before all of us, why Niette was with you last evening at the great grotto," replied the fisherman, while his eyes, fixed sternly on the face of Louis, had an expression of ill restrained hatred. "The truth is demanded of you, do you understand? Nothing but the truth, for, by Heaven, if you lie, it will be for the last time."

"I have never yet told a lie," said Louis, deeply moved, though in a proud tone. "It seems you had threatened to do me an ill turn. Your daughter was alarmed by your menaces, and as she went in search of her cow, she descended to the rocks of the Castelli to give me warning."

"And they talked so long," added big Peter, laughing, "that the sea surprised them; the devil take me if that needs farther explanation."

Goran turned towards the fisherman with his clenched fists, but only for a moment, when he commenced again to vent his rage on Louis.

"You hear me, vagabond!" cried he; "thanks to you, Niette is defamed."

"Not so! Master Goran," said Marzou, quickly, "a jest is not a judgment. You who have known your daughter since her infancy will not condemn her for a light word, and big Peter himself, who has saved her body, will not ruin her good name."

"No, by my baptism, that I will not," replied the fisherman, touched by the young man's appeal to his benevolence. "May the crabs eat my eyes, if I wished to harm Niette; what I said was simply for talk's sake, and because all the world knows you have an eye to the girl."

"It is false!" cried Goran, stamping his feet. "Thunder! say that it is false; say Niette is nothing to you, that you know that she is far above you; say you have never even thought of her; say it quick!"

"Pardon, Master Goran, but I cannot lie," replied Louis, with a sad firmness.

"Then you avow your impudence, dog of a vagabond!" cried the exasperated man, "did you hear, Lubert? look at him who would take your place at the helm."

"That is a good one!" said the Grand Luc, who not having been able till now to interpose a single word, seized the occasion to double his fists at Marzou. "Come, we will see who is the better man; quick, take off your vest!"

"It is useless," said Louis, quietly. "I know that you are the strongest."

A murmur of astonishment was heard among the spectators.

"See now! he does not dare, cried Lubert, in a triumphant tone, and rolling up his woollen sleeves from his athletic arms, "I have a mind to correct him notwithstanding."

"No," said Goran, "that is my business."

And approaching so close to Louis as almost to touch him, he said, through his closed teeth,

"You are afraid of the Grand Luc, miserable coward! Well! see if you have heart enough to fight another."

He had slowly raised his arm while speaking, and now it descended with a blow in the face of Louis.

He reeled; the blood flew over his eyes and mouth, but he made no effort to return it.

"What!" cried the fisherman, almost beside himself with rage at this immobility, "have you not even the courage to defend yourself; will it be necessary to strike you again?"

A second blow, then a third fell heavily on Marzou, who still remained immovable. At this the fishermen raised a shout of indignation; railleries and insults assailed him on all sides, but without replying he wiped the blood from his face.

At the first blow struck by the fisherman, Jaumice sprang forward to the assistance of his brother with a stone in each hand, but when he saw that he attempted no defence, he remained at some little distance stupefied, and almost indignant. Goran arrested, in spite of himself, by the passive attitude of his adversary, returned to his former insulting menaces, when he was interrupted by cries coming from a distance; his own name and that of Lubert was all that could be distinguished. He turned, and perceived several villagers running towards them, and pointing to the sea.

"Well! what is the matter with them that they hail in that way?" said big Peter.

"Below there! look—the Isle of Met!" replied the voices.

"At the Isle of Met? Well, what of it?"

"The signal of distress!"

All eyes were fixed on the point indicated, and a flag was seen waving in the sun-light.

"The devil take me, if it is not a signal of distress," said big Peter, "the Bernese hoists not his rag for trifles."

"Besides, when we made our last voyage to bring back the cattle," added a peasant, "he was then shivering with chills and fever."

"Then who will go to aid him?" demanded a woman.

"It is the affair of the patrons of the isle," replied big Peter.

All looked towards Goran and Lubert, but the first, after examining the sea a moment, shrugged his shoulders.

"The patrons of the isle are not porpoises," replied he, brusquely.

The waves in fact, at this moment, had a fearful and terrible aspect. The sea lashed into fury by a north-west wind, which increased in violence every moment, rose in dark ridges, on the top of which ran the foam, reflecting their deep, green color. A hollow, murmuring sound rolled along the beach, spreading far and wide, like some warning of coming evil. At the horizon some light streaks pierced the clouds, but every where else the heavens were dark as the waters.

"To tell the truth, the weather looks bad," replied big Peter, "the sea will be furious directly, and those who venture out should recommend themselves to their saint, for neither oar nor sail can guide them."

"To the devil!" said Lubert, "you know well enough no Christian would embark, with this stiff breeze singing in his ears."

"Ah! if I had a boat," cried Marzou, who from the first had studied the appearance of the sea and heavens with an anxious impatience.

The grand Luc turned towards him.

"A boat!" replied he, ironically, "and what, pray, would you do with it, poltroon?"

"I would do what you dare not!" replied Louis, whose eyes sparkled with animation, "I would carry succor to him who asks it."

"Thou!" cried Lubert, shouting with laughter; "well! that is famous; listen, good people, the coward has already forgotten the late affair."

"Just now," replied Marzou, "I told you that you were stronger than I; now prove that you have as much heart; take your bark, and let us set out for the island."

Lubert appeared embarrassed; he looked around at the surrounding group of peasants, and seeing all eyes directed towards himself, he shrugged his shoulders.

"What think you, patron?" said he, addressing Goran, "Marzou imagines now that he is braver than me?"

"If I am mistaken take to your boat with me," cried Louis.

"Thanks!" replied the Grand Luc, "I have no mind yet to furnish food for the fishes and sharks."

"And then you will abandon all thoughts of succoring this poor man?" cried Louis with warmth, and gazing round at the crowd of fishermen. "Ah! God Himself avenges me. Just now you have called me coward, because I acknowledged my inability to cope with a giant. Believe me, it is chance alone gives physical strength, but our moral courage depends on ourselves. Those among you who have laughed to see my blood flow, show now your right to laugh. I challenge in my turn. I will take a boat against any of you. It shall be a duel on the sea, with sails for our weapons, and a good action or death at the end. Is there then not one among you who has the soul to accept my defiance?"

"There is at least one," cried the father of Niette, who had listened till now with his eyes rivetted on Marzou, "though the goat were hell itself, it shall not be said I refused to go. Take Lubert's boat, he and I will man mine."

"Me!" cried the Grand Luc in a fright.

"Art thou afraid?" interrupted the mariner quickly, "then remain, I will go alone."

"It is not that," stammered the giant, who hesitated evidently between his dread of the danger and of the contempt of the bystanders; "but the thing is impossible, seeing that Marzou cannot manage my boat by himself."

"You mistake," cried Jaumice, "there will be two of us, never fear! but are you sure that you are not afraid because the sea is stronger than you? Come, Louis, let us leave him to his cowardice. He dares not do what thou would'st."

The boy took his brother's hand, and they both walked towards the boat, which they commenced to get in readiness by hoisting the mast and preparing the sails. Goran also took the same measures, though but indifferently seconded in his efforts by Lubert, whose uneasiness deprived him of his usual small stock of intelligence. During this time the spectators remained on the quay communicating their fears, and unanimously condemning this risk of life. The women also, attracted by the report of this strange challenge, were louder than all in their disapproval, repeating over again that it was a shame to allow Christians thus to run into the very jaws of destruction, and endeavoring to rouse the men to oppose the enterprise. Big Peter only shook his head.

"These white caps do not understand these matters," he said seriously; "but now that Marzou and Goran are in earnest, they would rather die than back out."

His companions quietly approved, but the women still cried that such a combat would offend kind Providence, and in exposing thus their bodies the soul would be lost. Some one proposed to warn the rector and Niette of what was about to take place, and directly the advice was carried into effect. However, the two boats rowed quickly off from the shore in order to gain as soon as possible the extremity of the pier. Arrived there they halted a moment in order to hoist the sails. The moment was exciting and solemn to all. They regarded with a feverish curiosity the two boats still in the shelter of the mole, and only separated from the tossing waves by a few feet. When the sails, which had been closely reefed till now flew out to the breeze, a general movement agitated the crowd. Marzou and Goran, who had placed themselves at the helm, turned towards the pier, waving their hats by way of salute. Almost at the same instant the boats which had shot beyond the pier glided into the eye of the wind, and like two race horses they started forward so much inclined that the lower end of the jib dipped into the water.

As they approached the grand channel where the current increased their danger, the cure, accompanied by Niette, arrived on the quay. The young girl, who perceived immediately the sails flying towards the south, uttered a cry of terror, and clasped her hands, whilst her knees gave way from under her.

"Oh, God! too late!" murmured she, steadying herself against the walls of the cemetery.

The old priest himself could not restrain an exclamation of horror. He informed himself quickly from the fishermen of the circumstances of the challenge, and when he had heard all, he demanded in a low voice if the danger was really so imminent. The seamen looked at each other without making any reply, except an expressive shrug of the shoulder. At last big Peter, who continued to follow the boats with his eye, made a gesture which augured ill for their safety.

"Excepting the tide, which is in their favor," he said, "all else is against them; the wind hauls entirely from the south, and it will be necessary to tack in a current, when each sea may fill their boats. Without reckoning that, if they should reach the island they will there meet heavy squalls, and then look out for a capsize! Then Monsieur can see for himself the sea bodes good to no one; everywhere you observe are those short waves which may break a boat in two; the storm is under the water, and so much the worse. Look! would you not say the sea is about to smoke? The devil has kindled a fire under it! Ah! well! they say a man need not despair if he has a plank between him and the sea, and a rag of canvass over his head, but as true as I have been baptized, if I were in their skins I would have little hope but in Providence."

"Let us then address ourselves to a merciful heaven," said Mons. Lefort with fervor, "and ask what is out of our power, even a miraculous interposition in their favor."

At these words he entered the cemetery, and stopping at the foot of the cross, began in a loud voice the prayer, consecrated by the church, to voyagers in peril. The women knelt on the tombs, and repeated in chorus the responses, whilst the men, standing with heads uncovered, regarded alternately the priest and the horizon.

Niette stood amongst them with her hands joined, and her lips repeating mechanically the prayer, yet with her eyes fixed on the sea where were exposed all who were dearest to her on earth.

The two barks continued to tack at a short distance from each other, though in somewhat different directions. Whilst that of Marzou was running under short sail on the long tack, thus avoiding the swell, that of Goran, as if impatient of being followed, sailed close to the wind, notwithstanding the heavy sea. Several times he remained in the trough of the sea so long that he was seen to rise again with much difficulty. The oldest fishermen spoke in a disapproving tone of the imprudence of the patron.

"His pride incites him to keep the lead," said one of them; "but God pardon him! Pride will be his ruin."

"See him! he tacks short," replied big Peter; "always too short."

"Now he enters the squall," added the first speaker. "By my soul! now indeed he will need our prayers."

In fact the bark which Goran commanded, now approached a bank of fog which rested on the breakers, dividing the streak of light by a dark bar which it was necessary to cross to reach the island just beyond, still lighted by the fading glow of the setting sun. In nearing the squall the boat of Goran seemed to rise out of the sea, and then precipitate itself with the speed of an arrow into the dark bank. That of Marzou, however, which reached the same point, a little while afterwards, glided obliquely into the sombre cloud. The disappearance of the two boats was observed with a sensation of terror that showed itself in the general silence. All the spectators waited with strained necks, and their hearts almost stilled for the reappearance of the barks, but nothing rewarded their frightful anxiety. The oldest seamen, who had calculated the time necessary to traverse the fog, looked at each other with a sad shake of the head.

"See, it is as I feared," said he who had first spoken in a low voice. "When the wind rises in such squalls, one might think the fiend himself was at the bottom of it. Nothing can live in such a gale."

"Hold!" interrupted big Peter, who stood with his eyes shaded by his hand, the better to distinguish objects in the distance. "Do I not see something down there, rising out of the breakers? to the leeward of the island—that float on the swell—hold!—there, on the top of a wave! It surely is a white sail!"

"It is a bark, capsized!" cried a young fisherman, who could see better than big Peter.

At this cry, the prayer was interrupted, the women, and even Mons. Lefort hastened to the pier. The object discovered by big Peter now left no doubt as to its identity, it was indeed one of the boats filled with water, and tossed about by the waves. Niette, who saw it, as well as the rest of the crowd, sunk, sobbing, on her knees, with her arms extended towards the sea, whilst the women grouped around her, offering every consolation which kind hearts could suggest, but so far from assuaging her grief, they seemed but to add to her distress.

Suddenly a new cry was heard among those who still watched in the direction of the island, and all hands were extended towards a point in the horizon. A second boat emerged from the dark shadow, like a frightened sea-gull, its keel almost out of the water, and sailing closed hauled to the wind.

"See! the red sail! It is Marzou," cried big Peter.

"He is going to the rescue of Goran," added all the voices.

"Pray that he may be in time."

"See! he has let out the reefs!"

Marzou seemed, in fact, to have forgotten his prudence, and hurried, all sails set, towards the capsized boat. Soon he reached her, his sails were seen to lower, and all comprehended that he was attempting to save the shipwrecked seamen.

They could not judge, however, of his success, on account of the distance. Each one hazarded a conjecture, which appearances almost as soon contradicted. At last, after remaining a sufficiently long time, which delay was differently explained by each of the lookers-on, Marzou set all sail for the island, and landed at the Spanish Rock.

As soon as he had disappeared, Mons. Lefort approached Niette, who still remained, kneeling in an attitude of extreme desolation.

"Rise, my daughter," he said, with an accent of kind authority, "that you may pray to God, for He has sent you some consolation at least, in Marzou's safety, and your father also is most probably rescued."

And taking her by the hand, they entered the church.

CHAPTER V.

While the inhabitants of Piriac were collecting on the pier, indulging in a thousand contradictory suppositions, and Niette continued to pray before the altar of the Virgin, with an anxious fervor, the drama commenced on the continent, hastened to its denouement on the Island of Met, in the cabin of Marillas.

Near the hearth, where was a crackling fire of seaweed and pieces of shipwrecked timber, sat Goran and Lubert, who had been saved by Marzou. The frame of mind in which the patron had started from the mainland, was strangely altered. He had, indeed, on returning to consciousness, recovered his usual sombre firmness, but was more humiliated than frightened by his mishap. In silence he wrung the sea water from his canvass-sleeves; Lubert, on the contrary, with eyes dilated, and lips pale, his whole body agitated with nervous convulsions, murmured confusedly, as if he had not yet recovered from his fright. The agony he had suffered, while clinging to the shipwrecked bark, had broken his spirit, and his muscles were quite relaxed from the effect of terror. One would have likened him to an apparently robust oak, whose heart was rotten, and which the first hard gale would level with the earth.

At the lower end of the cabin, Marillas, extended motionless on a sailor's couch, breathed with so much difficulty, that it was evident his last hour was approaching. Bending over him, Marzou watched with emotion his last struggle between life and death, and at the feet of the dying man Jaumice knelt, repeating the only prayer which he had learned from his mother.

After a long silence, Goran rose, shaking himself with the savage air of a wolf just awakened. He went first to the narrow window which overlooked the sea, then returned towards the fire-place.

"Come! get up!" said he, impatiently, half aloud to the Grand Luc, "see, the wind moderates; we are going to have so no quiet weather, and we must profit by the lull, to fish up the chaloupe."

"Nay, what? what chaloupe?" stuttered Lubert, turning his stupid looks on the seaman.

"The one that has been capsized, because they did not lower sail in time," replied Goran, with warmth; "she ought to be at the leeward of the island—with your boat, we can tow her in."

"How? You want to re-embark now, when the sea is still in a rage? Do you not hear it against the rocks? The mischief take me, if I expose to it again either my bark or my body."

The patron cast on him a look of supreme contempt. "Thou great carcass!" said he, smiling bitterly, "after being rolled a few moments in the sea, you have become as cowardly as a girl; the water has washed away your heart."

"It is all very well!" interrupted the giant, with a shiver, at the recollection of his past danger; and with some anger, he continued, "seeing you were the first cause of our mishap, you had better say no more about it."

"It was then my mismanagement which caused our upset?" ironically demanded Goran.

"It was you who forced me to follow," replied the Grand Luc, in a tone of rancor. "When Marzou defied us, was it I who answered? I would have quieted him with my fist, but you must needs accept the challenge for the sake of false glory. It is hardly fair, after the trouble of coming here, to be thus abused."

Marzou, who was still at the bedside of the dying man, made a sign to them,

"Speak lower, in the name of God!" he said, "Master Luz can hear you."

Lubert shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes!" said he, between his teeth, "we have made a beautiful cut; and I advise the patron to boast of it! Too glad he will be, if he only loses his boat."

"Oh, I know well enough how to find that," replied the seaman, who was buttoning up his vest, "and if you will not help me, I can do it alone."

"Master Goran will not refuse to allow me to go with him, I hope," said Marzou, approaching; "but I will not leave the Bernese during his last agony—and there is in reality nothing to fear for the safety of your boat. I have grappled her fore and aft, which will keep her moored with her bow to the sea; a week from now we could find her in the same spot."

"That is a good idea!" replied the patron, who seemed to praise Marzou with embarrassment, and almost repugnance. "I had not thought you had so sea man-like an eye."

"Master Goran has forgotten that formerly I have sailed with him—and that a good teacher makes a good scholar."

The seaman looked him askance, as if unwilling to take the compliment, but the accent was so frank, and the look so sincere, that he was fain to accept it without farther thought.

"Very well!" he said, rather sourly, "then we will wait—and when the sea has no more motion than a salt marsh, perhaps the Grand Luc will be able to resume his oar."

"You must stop this!" cried Lubert, who, ashamed of his cowardice, though unable to conquer it, was irritated by having it thrown at him so often; "truly, patron, you would rouse a lamb! One would think you are determined to see me drowned!"

"You would have been before this, if it had not been for Marzou," observed Goran, ironically; he knew from his own humiliation, all the bitterness of this rejoinder.

Lubert stamped with rage.

Marzou wished to interfere, but the patron and his sailor were too much excited, to accept his mediation.

"Thank Marzou for having taken your bark," said Goran, sneering, "for if you had commanded, it would have been by this time at the bottom of the bay."

"I would, at least, have been able to have purchased another," brutally replied Lubert, with a gross laugh, "seeing I am not such a poor rascal as some others."

"Do you mean me?" demanded the sailor, whose eyes lightened up.

"You, less than others," replied Lubert, with a gross laugh, "since my crowns are about to enter your family."

Goran, who had reseated himself near the fire, sprang up with a bound.

"A thousand devils—neither thy crowns, nor thyself, miserable brute!" shouted he.

"Well said, patron!" murmured a feeble, but distinct voice.

Goran looked up; the face of the dying man was turned towards the fire-place, his respiration seemed more free; and there was in his aspect, a singular intelligence. Marzou ran to him with an exclamation of joy.

"God be praised! you are better, Master Luz," he said, bending over the sick man; "it was but the crisis, and now it is passed."

The Bernese moved his eyelids, whilst a vague smile passed over his parched lips.

"Prepare the taper and the holy water," replied he in a feeble tone, as if endeavoring to husband his remaining strength; "but before starting on this journey, I would have the satisfaction of knowing that Niette will not marry that savage."

"I would rather carry her to the cemetery with the white crown on her coffin!" said the seaman, casting on Lubert a glance of anger and disdain.

"It would be better to lead her to the altar with the silver bouquet," said Marillas; "and that can easily be accomplished, patron; for here is another young fellow smitten with the charms of Niette; and if I understand correctly, you were glad to accept his services just now."

"I will not deny the good turn he has done me," replied the sailor, with a sombre air.

"Well! that seems as if you might be disposed to return the favor," continued the Bernese, "and perhaps Neitte may take it upon herself to discharge the obligation."

Lubert struck his thigh.

"Well!" cried he, with a disdainful laugh, "here is a glorious son-in-law for Master Goran! I would like to know how he will answer the Mayor when he is asked his father's name."

"He will reply," said Marillas, "that he is the son of his own courage and intelligence. Such parents as you never had, Grand Luc; for if you had been born without resources, like Louis, instead of gaining an honest livelihood among the rocks and sands, you would now have been consorting with thieves and beggars."

"That is a good one!" said Lubert, who had not wit enough to reply. "No one speaks to you, Bernese; occupy yourself with death, and leave those in peace who have strength to live. Your talk is all very fine, but it won't help Louis to find a living for a wife—he who has not even a trade."

"Lubert has seen that I can command a bark," said Marzou.

"When you can find some one to lend you him," added, brutally, the Grand Luc; "but tell us, where is your boat?"

"Where," interrupted quickly Marillas, "I am about to show it to you."

And making a sign to Louis to aid him, he raised himself on his left elbow, slid his right hand under the paliasse, and after searching some time, he drew out a leathern purse, which he opened. A quantity of louis d'ors fell upon the coverlet.

"Here is nearly fifteen hundred francs," said he, "twice as much as is necessary to purchase a bark. If I live, Louis will return it to me, as he can. If I die, which you seem very certain of, all is for him. What say you to that, Grand Luc?"

"I; nothing, Mons. Luz," said the giant, who had never before seen so much gold, and found himself suddenly intimidated before the possessor of such a sum. "Now the patron, of course, will favor the suit of Louis, but, nevertheless, why do you cherish so much ill will towards me?"

A flash of light passed over the livid features of the dying man—he slowly raised his hand, and pointed to the wall at the foot of his bed. The crow killed by the Grand Luc was there suspended, the beak still open, and the wings drooping. Lubert disconcerted, hung his head.

"I warned you that the hour would come, when the feeble would be revenged," said Marillas, in a bitter tone; "forget not this hereafter. And you, Goran, refuse not to make your daughter happy from false pride, but give your hand to this brave boy, in token of promise."

The sailor appeared to hesitate, he looked first at the gold spread on the bed, then at the Grand Luc, who twirled his cap with an air of sullen resentment, and lastly at Marzou, whose features were now lighted by hope.

"To the devil with what they may say," cried he, "I have not known Louis; he is a true sailor; Niette and he can manage matters, and may the fever strangle me if I disturb them."

He had proffered his hand to Marzou, who pressed it with a cry of joy, and turning towards the Bernese, he sunk on his knees beside the bed.

"Ah! now," he cried, in a transport of gratitude, "it is indeed necessary that you should live to see the happiness you have created."

The dying man could not reply immediately, allowing Louis to hold one of his hands, which he covered with kisses, he silently placed the other on his head, whilst two big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. At last he made an effort, and said,

"God bless thee, my boy—thanks to thee, I die with the thought that some one will love me after I am dead."

Marzou wished to protest against this last word, and to enumerate the chances of health which yet remained to the sick man, but Luz motioned him to be quiet, and proceeded to explain his last wishes. He desired to be buried on the island, and requested that the first voyage of the bark purchased for Louis and Niette should be to his tomb. He bequeathed to them the cattle that he had raised, under the promise that they should never be given to the knife of the butcher.

He occupied himself thus until evening, making a final disposition of his affairs, interrupted from time to time by short periods of sleep. Towards the middle of the night a change for the worse was visible, and at the dawn of day he died, with his head resting on the bosom of Louis.

All his wishes were fulfilled—Niette and Marzou happily united, thanks to him, came every year, at the anniversary of his death, to pray at the spot where he reposed, until the construction of a fort in the midst of the island rendered it necessary to remove his remains to the cemetery of Piriac, where his tomb is still shown, covered by a large stone.

CHAMPAGNE WINE.—Champagne in this country is to some extent a sort of pass-word, which conveys no idea beyond that of effervescence in wine, or in some other fluid prepared to imitate it. It serves to introduce a variety of wines, whether from Germany or elsewhere, and which could not be passed off without being masked with syrup and carbonic acid gas. It is used to give character to native productions, in the composition of which, grape-juice, if ever, rarely enters. From Hamburg or Bremen an enterprising buyer would readily be accommodated with unlimited quantities of champagne made up to such a standard, and without in the least taxing the energy or industry of the population of the Marne or any part of France.—*Gatherings from the Wine Lands.*

THE ENGLISH REJOICINGS AFTER THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON

A correspondent of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal says:—

"'I remember,' says the old lady to whom we applied—'I remember the rejoicings of the last peace very well. We lived near Portsmouth at the time, and the allied sovereigns came to visit it. All day long, on the one previous to their arrival, officers rode up and down the London Road making preparations. Scaffolds were erected before the houses facing the King's highway, and were crowded early on the morrow. People were very smart for the occasion. All—men, women, and children—wore very ugly purple embroidered ribbons across from shoulder to shoulder. From early dawn the troops waited to receive the royal guests; one poor young officer sat on his horse at our gate till he appeared quite faint with his long watch, and my husband at last went out and offered him refreshment. It was thankfully accepted, and as, of course, he could not alight, the other carried some sandwiches and wine to him on his horse.

"'At last there was a cry of "the King of Prussia," and an open carriage, attended by outriders and officers, dashed by. It was speedily followed by others; and the whole royal party were soon installed at the Government House on the Parade. A vast mob congregated outside, and, strange to say, called out the royal inmates, one by one, to welcome and cheer them. People certainly would not do such a thing now days, but they were a far less polished race then. One minute a thousand voices would call for "the Emperor of Russia," and that potentate would come forth on the balcony, unattended, and bow his fair head in acknowledgment of the greasy caps thrown up as a token of welcome; then the whim would be strong for the Prussian monarch—and Marshal Blucher, who was the most popular of all the guests, was repeatedly summoned by cries of "Our Blowcher! out Blowcher!" as they pronounced his name. The two young Princes of Oldenburg ventured into the streets, but remained only a very short time; for the people pinched them, to "see if they could feel like common folks," as one of these rude welcomers told us himself. The same complimentary doubt as to whether he shared the ordinary conditions of humanity, was paid to Blucher himself afterwards.

"'One can scarcely imagine such ignorance possible now, but so it was. The lower classes were almost wholly untaught, the middle not much better instructed, considering the difference of station. Our own governess—who, from profession, might be supposed to be well educated—spoke French so ill, that she one day asked M. l'Abbe, who gave us weekly lessons, to sup with her the next evening on *oyster-shells!*

"'But to return to the peace-rejoicings. There were illuminations and transparencies in all the streets; and if any one had ventured to leave his windows candleless, he would have incurred the vengeance of the mob, and been thought an incipient Robespierre. Fireworks were displayed on Southsea Common, but they were, of course, not equal in variety and beauty to those which have been recently displayed in London.

"'The rejoicings in the metropolis were very great, and the entrance of the allied sovereigns was a sight the world may scarcely ever look upon again. Wellington and Blucher rode side by side. The Prussian twirling his huge moustache, and gazing with hungry eyes round him, observed that, "it would be a fine city to sack!" One can fancy the smile with which the great Duke must have heard the observation.

"'The French ambassador had an illumination before his house of the words "Peace and Concord." A party of sailors reading it, and feeling themselves aggrieved thereby, knocked at the door, and insisted on seeing the ambassador. They were admitted; and a Secretary, who spoke English, was sent to them to ask what they required. "That you won't tell no lies," was the reply, "but pull down that board outside. You haven't *conquered* at all, nor ever shall; and it's too bad of you French rascals to say you did."

"'The Secretary perceived the blunder at once; but it was vain to argue with Jack; concord was "conquered" to his ear; and the ambassador therefore wisely had the offending word removed, and "amity" put in its place.'

"'The first visible effect of the peace,' continued our venerable informant, 'was a marked change in the ladies' dress, which certainly, till then, was singularly tasteless and strange. Riding-hats and melon-shaped bonnets gave way to the Oldenburg bonnet—a head-dress resembling an inverted coal-scuttle—and fair faces were as much concealed then as they are exposed now. I cannot say that this was any special improvement as to beauty; but it was at least comfortable and modest, and was thought charming whilst it was the fashion.'

"'Forty years of peaceful progress elapsed from that time ere England was again called on to unsheathe the sword, and much was done for all good and useful arts during that period. May as long a peace follow the shorter but terrible struggle of yesterday; and—

> "'Our brown bound with victorious wreaths,
> Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
> Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
> Our dreadful marches to delightful measures—

may we learn to use rightly the precious interval, and thus render "grim-visaged war" more and more improbable and unnecessary, till it becomes a myth for poets, or a fireside tale of that which was, and is no longer."

A SPUNKY FRENCH WOMAN.—We find the following good story on a tour through our exchanges:—

"A young French woman was engaged as dressing maid to a lady of rank in Russia. One day, while combing out her mistress' long black hair, she hurt her head; the lady turned round and gave her a slap on the face. The French woman, who had hold of her hair, which she was on the point of tying, so that it was gathered together in her hand, grasped it tightly, and inflicted a sound correction on the lady's ear with the hair-brush. Perhaps it may be thought that she was immediately punished by being taken to the police, or at least summarily dismissed from the household. Far from it. The maid knew the character of the Russians too well, and also what she was about. She was perfectly aware that her mistress would not dare to expose her, on account of the disgrace to herself; for it would have been an indelible one for a noble lady to have been beaten, (in any place but Count Orloff's office,) and especially by a menial; she therefore not only took the whole quietly, but presented the French woman with thirty silver roubles and a new gown to buy her silence. She was ever after treated with much consideration, and at the time the anecdote was told, was in the same situation."

☞ It was a proverb among the Greeks that a flatterer who lifts you up to the clouds has the same motive as the eagle when he raises the tortoise into the air; he wishes to gain something by your fall.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

THE TIME TO GET MARRIED.—We received last week the following rather unusual letter:—

FRIEND GEORGE:—As I know you to be always right in your opinions, I hope to be favored with the following information:—

I am seventeen years of age. I have a one third interest in my father's store, which pays me about $2,000 per annum. I have for some time past been paying my addresses to a young lady about the same age as myself. I know her to be a lady in every respect—very amiable, accomplished, affectionate, and very fond of children; and lastly, but not lastly, very handsome. "Things" have come to a crisis almost, and I don't know what to do about the matter. I know I am too young to marry, but both father and mother are willing that I should marry. Now, will you be kind enough to let me know the course you would pursue in this case.

Please answer in your next issue under the head of "To Correspondents," but only put the initials of my name.

As this matter is of such a very delicate character, we think it best to omit the initials and place of residence of our correspondent, as well as his name—and reply as follows:—

Seventeen, in our opinion, is entirely too immature an age for a young man to marry. Even in the case of a young lady, it is, except in peculiar cases, much too young. A man should be of right from 22 to 24 before marrying—and a woman, in these Northern latitudes, at least twenty or twenty-one. But in the case of a young man especially, at seventeen neither the body nor the mind is matured. Of course young men at seventeen often think they are very wise, but that is only a proof of their want of wisdom. It is a common ironical saying among men of mature years, that when they were eighteen they knew twice as much as they ever had known since. At seventeen boyish attachments are very common, which manhood sometimes confirms, but often is ashamed of.

The physical frame, too, is just in the process of maturing, and its vigor is apt to be seriously and permanently impaired by marriage. Our advice, therefore, to our correspondent is, to put off matters for at least four years. We do not counsel him to dissolve his engagement, because that should never be done except for the strongest and best reasons—but to put off his marriage. If we were his father, and could arrange affairs to suit, we would let him travel, and see the world, as much as possible, during that time—knowing that his engagement with a beautiful and pure-hearted girl, would preserve him from the most dangerous snares which beset a young man away from home, and that both mind and body would be improved and strengthened thereby. Besides, we do not like long engagements, unless the parties either are very amiable, or can be kept apart most of the time. The "billing and cooing" in which young lovers indulge, is an insufferable nuisance—disgusting to the beholders, when there happens to be any, and injurious to the parties themselves. As a general rule, betrothed couples, in our opinion, should not be indulged in too much privacy. Not for fear of anything grossly evil, but because of minor evils, which are generally seen in the gradual thinness and paleness which creep over a young girl when she is engaged.

We have thus answered our correspondent's inquiry to the extent of our wisdom. One thing we may add, as to the pecuniary aspect of the question. If he is making $2,000 a year, he can save $1,500 a year until he reaches twenty one. This will amount to over $6,000 which will be quite a pretty little reward to himself and lady-love for acting like sensible, self-governed, noble-minded people.

W. H. B. The information relative to a prominent Senator that you furnish, is interesting—but probably his friends would rather we would withhold than publish it. It would please some of them, but offend others. Articles like the one we published, are very acceptable to us.

E. J. G. Your note of the 5th inst., was duly received. We do not feel ourself at liberty either to make any expose of the facts in relation to the dissolution of Mr. Poe's engagement, which are naturally of a private, and therefore sacred, character, or to give to any person the name of a lady who could not but feel pain at being made the object of individual curiosity.

Our reference to the matter in the article you mention can go no further than Mr. Griswold's statements, and is only justified by the publicity which he has given them. We content ourself with simply denying his assertions, and neither feel it necessary, or ourself permitted, to present rebutting testimony.

"VIVIA."

We *regret very much that Mrs. Southworth's* story of "Vivia" is not concluded this week, according to promise. Mrs. Southworth writes to us that the concluding scenes stretch out longer than she anticipated, and that she will not be able to finish writing them before another week.

In future it is our intention to adhere inflexibly to our rule of commencing no story until the whole of the manuscript is in our possession. We can then judge of its length, and of our ability to publish it in a reasonable space of time.

NOT A BAD HIT.

The *Pittsburg Despatch* says:—

"The Philadelphians are justly indignant at the slander published in the New York Times, that they had circulated hand bills in the West, alleging that the yellow fever prevailed in Gotham. The fact is, if our Quaker City neighbors had the dishonesty to originate such a report, they lack the energy to put it in circulation. Look at any Western paper and you will find ten New York houses advertised to every one from the city of Brotherly Love. It was a gross slander to charge our Philadelphia friends with such an investment in paper and printing ink as was alleged against them!"

There is a good deal of truth in what the Despatch says, and we commend it to the consideration of our citizens. All through the country the New Yorkers are active and persevering in their efforts to obtain custom for their railroads and for their merchants. They contend almost with desperation for the trade of the great West, as if, were they to relax their energies for a moment, it would be entirely up with them. On the other hand, Philadelphia, like a good, easy soul, looks on indifferently, and even half amused at the tremendous fuss and worry of her active competitor. A friend recently told us, for instance, that you would scarcely be aware while in the West, from anything that appeared before you, that there was such a thing as a Pennsylvania Central Railroad, while the New York Central and Erie Roads were stuck before your eyes, and dinned into your ears, continually. Philadelphia has great natural advantages, or else we fear she would absolutely recede, instead of yearly increasing in wealth and population. As it is, her progress is very rapid—so much so, that a large proportion of her business men seem inclined to let pretty well alone, and not push matters as rapidly as they easily might do. We think we hear them say, "What is the use? New York is ahead, and it would kill her not to be; she likes it, and we don't care much about it. She'd jump out of her skin, rather than not be a neck ahead in the race, while we would rather take it easy, and be second." Well, there is nothing like philosophy! Somebody must be second.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM.

We declaim loudly and habitually about the freedom of speech and of the press. The staple of half our Fourth of July orations is laudation of our chartered liberty to speak and print what we please; and this laudation is meant to comprehend the freedom that secures each man a respectful hearing for his spoken or written opinions. The Fourth of July orator, his arms and coat-tails flying wildly with his enthusiasm, points to the gagged lips and dumb presses of the Continent, descanting meanwhile on the miserable consequences that have ensued from that condition of things, and then contrasts it all with the happy reverse of the spectacle as exhibited in our own country. Here the presses are voiceful; here the lips are free; here a man, though surrounded by personal, or social, or political foes, may speak or print his thought without hinderance or molestation, and be honored for his manly independence! Nobody is obliged to file down his views to suit popular prejudices; nobody is expected to study conformity to the popular opinion; but all possible inducements are offered to the utterance of the individual's thought—the right to that utterance being already guaranteed by the parchments of the Republic; and all possible respect is paid to the man who says what he thinks, no matter whom it hits, and even those who most widely differ from that man, lend their voices to swell the applauding chorus that greets his independent daring. The majority rules, it is true; but the minority is reverenced, and its voice and its protest welcomed with cordial esteem. Happy, free America! sole nation on the earth which acknowledges the abstract and practical value of the individual's spoken thought—sole people which declares that the honest opinion is sacred for its honesty, though valueless in point of truth or wisdom, and that even the accounted fool or knave shall have his say. Happy land! whose laws and popular custom set a premium upon mental courage! Thus declaims the glowing orator, and having appropriately perorated in praise of the Union, and subsided, we cheer him to the hoarse verge of bronchitis, and go home thinking what a great and free people we are, and how superior to any people that ever lived, or now live, or are going to live at anytime and anywhere.

Now, if there was not a palpable truth in all that the orator says, we would not probably applaud so rapturously; and if there was not an equally palpable falsehood in it all, editors would not feel compelled to write any articles like this article. There is certainly considerably more mental freedom here than in other countries—Austria and Russia, for instance—which is not saying much in our favor.—The National and State Constitutions in this country set no limits to any freedom of speech that stops short of personal libel. It's a thing to thank God for, no doubt. But we live in a land where popular opinion has the power to render inoperative at will, any right or privilege secured to us by formal statute. It is a giant's power, and to our shame be it said, some of us, spite of the lessons and warnings of the present and the past, are still tyrannous enough to use it like a giant. There are individuals and minorities among us who can testify that their legal right of speech is practically useless to them. They are, legally speaking, free to use it; but they use it at the peril of social ostracism, public contempt, spiritual martyrdom, bankruptcy, and the loss of the things that the majority of men most prize. If they are brave and true enough to accept all this as the penalty of their right to be heard, they incur the penalty, and use their dear-bought privilege; if not, there is no help for them—they must degrade to the pardonable silence of slaves, and carry the truths that might have served or saved the nation, and guided it to a higher plane of happiness and greatness, locked in their bosoms to the oblivion of the grave. Does anybody doubt the accuracy of this statement? Let that person pause and think. Let him ask his memory and experience whether there exists in this land any men, or bodies of men who express their convictions at cost of the penalty we have named. Let him question whether, under the glory of the Republic, there are sighs of hearts that yearn to utter themselves, but dare not make the sacrifice. Let him ask himself whether he—the citizen, loyal, as he thinks, to the American idea—the idea which distinguishes this from every other land—whether he has ever grown impatient of this man's views or that man's views, and done all a single individual could do to frighten down their utterance. Let him strive to remember whether he knows a public man who, anxious to preserve his good name, asks—not, "what is the truth?" but—"how much truth will the people bear?"—knowing well that this good people will not endure truth save in stated quantities! Let him, in a word, resolve whether there are ever times in this land when public opinion becomes so oppressive—so determinedly fixes the choice between timid silence and low servility on the one hand, and loss of repute, prosperity, or respect on the other—as to drive the free heart to the avowal that the frank despotism of Austria which, at least, does all it says, is more respectable and less guilty than the juggling tyranny of a republican people, whose parchments palter with us in a double sense, keeping the promise of freedom to the ear, and breaking it to the hope!

Eighty years ago we broke away from the tyranny of an oligarchic parliament;—was it only to change the forms and not the essence?—was it only to depose the despotism of George, and enthrone the despotism of the popular opinion? Oh, no! The Fathers of the Republic had no such aim as that. Not only by their enactments, but in their own great example, they taught humility, toleration, spacious independence, and inaugurated as the American right, the liberty of each man to discover and publish freely without risk of disrespect, dishonor, public or private menace, all ideas that the soul of man can grasp; and, on the same terms, hold and promulgate his opinions, no matter how erroneous other men might esteem them. For let it never be forgotten that their cause—in defence of which they had perilled life and fortune and sacred honor, and struggled through disaster and misery and the stormy frays of war—was the cause of human nature. They recognized the value of the free thought, and, seeing that all the great ideas which had blessed the world, had been born under efforts at suppression, and had been uttered from the lips of despised and hunted men, on pain of exile, the torture, the scaffold and the martyr's fire, and at the cost of penury, scorn, public ridicule, the hue and cry of multitudes—they said, "Here, at least, for the first time on earth, in the nation we have founded, the thought of the individual heart, the opinion of the individual mind, shall be sacred, shall be heard, shall be respected—not for our fallible estimation of its worth or wisdom, but because it is an individual thought, because it is an individual opinion, and because granting its privilege to be kindly heard till it either proves itself worthless by dying of inherent weakness and falsehood when permitted every advantage for obtaining with the people—or till it proves itself valuable by success, and wins an immortality of respect higher than the respect we give it—is the only method by which we can safely determine whether it holds a truth and good hidden from our eyes. Let it be weighed with deep respectful kindness in the slow balance of the nation's calmest judgment, and its value ascertained. For the first time in history let the world behold one land where the idea of the thoughtful man shall be born free from the menace of punishment or penalty—free from the cold sneer, the burning taunt, the foul epithet, the popular contempt, or hatred, or derision, or the awe of majorities—and let not mortal arrogance revile or mortal ignorance contemn the effluence of any mind whose worth is known only to the searching eye of God?" Clearly as if a voice had uttered it, this spirit speaks from the bond of the national Union, as it speaks from the lives of the men that formed it. Ah! we ransack all the language to find epithets of eulogy for the Constitution and for its framers; and we always fail to perceive that they were gentlemen, and fail to notice the superb and stately courtesy which permeates the instrument they framed? They were gentlemen—for they had that quality with which the character of the true gentleman begins and ends—humility! They enacted the respect they felt for the views of every man into the compact of the nation's life. They were not arrogant or assuming—they did not account their ideas infallible—they made no dualities—but, even in the very Constitution, which was the work of their most careful toil and fervid inspiration, they incorporated a provision for its amendment at any time when the people chose; thus meekly avowing their own fallibility, and acknowledging the possible supremacy of men that might be born thereafter, deeper-thoughted, clearer-sighted, and wiser than they.

Such was the example they held up to our imitation—such the spirit in which the Republic began its career. How have we profited by that example?—what spirit is this in which the nation continues its course? Who are these that insult the memories of our august ancestors by denying, in theory and in practice, the American right of rights which the soul of eighty years ago thought secure? Who are these that seek, in order that their fierce intolerance or party policy may prevail, the silencing of the free voice? Who are these that visit with dishonor and unmanly contempt and demoniac hatred the independent utterance of the thoughtful man? For, it cannot be denied, there is a gathering movement afoot in this land whose aims are to bring free thought, when on the unpopular side, into contempt; to exalt venality to the dignity of a virtue; to make popularity the passport of opinion; to frighten down the litterateur at his desk, the editor in his office, the preacher in his pulpit, the citizen anywhere into base conformity or silent subservience to the despotism of this man's notions or that man's schemes; to render only one side of affairs safe or prosperous to any person, and the other sides exceedingly perilous or disastrous; and to institute in this country, new to such a spectacle, the black and bloody pageant which has been the life of Europe for centuries, and is its life to-day!

We have heard of the man that bit his own nose off to spite his neighbor's face, and of the other man that sawed off the branch on which he sat—but the truest exemplification of both these worthies' conduct seems to us to be the practice of the people who do all they can to make freedom of speech impossible or impracticable for any person who does not think in their mill! So short-sighted are they that they cannot see that the very practice they are seeking to institute may one day return to plague its advocates. For men are fallible; opinions shift; the truth unpopular to-day is popular to-morrow. When the persecuted get to be in the majority, the persecutors may find that there are old scores to be settled! They will not then like to be insulted and brow-beaten and body-beaten and silenced and threatened, any more than those who now suffer such treatment at their hands like it. But goose-sauce is gander sauce, too, you know! Catholicism once succeeded in making the individual freedom of its opponents mute. It taught the abominable dogma of intolerance to the minds of men with the blood roar and ghastly corpses of St. Bartholomew, and the shrieking fires that Dominic and Torquemada lit in the history of Spain; with the dragonnades of French cities, and the "slaughtered saints whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold" forever; with the flames of Smithfield and the devilish torture engines of the Spanish Inquisition and the London Tower;—with all that tremendous emphasis of horror and of hate which underscores the records of European centuries. But the wheel turned, and the undermost came uppermost at last. And then when King James hunted the Jesuits, and the scaffold and the boiling pitch, the gibbet and the torture engines were continually busy on the bodies of the miserable Papists, and when Calvin burned Servetus with grim joy, and England avenged her ancient persecutions by crushing out the rights of the Irish Catholics, and making Ireland the tragedy of nations,—pray, who taught them that lesson! Ah! when Catholicism was in its flush of cruelty and power, prophetic humanity might have said, with Shylock, "The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction!" Intolerance always avenges itself upon its practicers. Just in that degree in which we disregard the rights of others, will our own one day be disregarded. Even-handed, relentless Justice holds the world's scales. Courtesy, tolerance, manly respect for the honest opinions of another, will always meet with a like return.

See what the anti-American theory has done in the world's history. See what the illiberal and intolerant spirit of individuals when aggregated into State or popular practice has been able to do. Conceal the most revolting features of the view, and look only at those European epochs which we can bear to remember without a shudder, and only with mortal sadness. The ruling spirit of the scene is the principle that will neither tolerate nor respect any thought that militates with the views of certain individuals. The Religion is bigotry, bat-blind superstition and cruelty; the Government is for the pampering of the few, and the oppression of the many; the society reeks with corruption; the literature is scrutinized by the monkish censor; Cervantes must obtain the formal written "approbation" of Senor Joseph Valdivielso to print on the fly-leaves of *Don Quixote*, and all other books as well must be declared to contain "nothing prejudicial to the true Catholic faith" before they can go through the press; the hoof of the heavy tyranny is stamped visibly on Letters, Art, Science, all; the painting and sculpture are, with a few great exceptions, tasteless, theatrical and impure; the scientific treatises, vague, shallow, sophistical and superstitious, and Galileo dies in prison for asserting the rotation of the globe; the history is garbled and venal; the philosophy theologically base and basely theological; all prose and verse, even the best, are slimed with fanaticism, for the prevalent tyranny taints everything; the law has its terrors and its spies everywhere; the people are conveniently darkened and degraded, the young men slink by each other in silence; the patriot rots in the dungeon, and the martyr's ashes are blown about by the winds; the brave and true voices are stilled in death or moaning in exile; all is stagnant, torpid, base; and only from traditionary graves comes the doubtful whisper, prophecying the freer hour. All this had its beginning in the intolerant spirit of a few individuals, who gradually leavened the mass. All this was the direct result of the rule that denied the right to speak and the right to be heard, and therefore made improvement or reform impossible. Is this the Future we propose for America?

Friends, it is for us to make our country worthy of our love by our fidelity to the gentle and noble principles which God gave to our ancestors. Let us carry those principles into practical life, no matter what party, class, interest, or ambition our fidelity may harm. Be ours the American faith—the law of justice and of love. With Thomas Jefferson let us hold that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated where truth is left free to combat it." We say to each man of you all—Do nothing—consent to nothing—that tends to diminish the utmost freedom of speech, or discourages it in the remotest manner. Respect every man's opinion, and even when you most widely differ, consider that your own views may possibly be as far from the truth as you think your neighbor's are, and, at all events, resolutely guard his right to a respectful hearing. Never join in the hue and cry that hunts down a man whose only offence is that he frankly spoke his honest thought. On the contrary, stand up stoutly for each man's right to speak or print what he will. The day may come when the conviction of your own soul—the thought of your own mind—will need a champion to defend its utterance. No matter how odious to your moral sense, your understanding, your settled opinions, the views of a man may be—whether he is called, Jesuit, Mormon, Socialist, Infidel, Abolitionist, or any despised name—maintain his legal right to be what he pleases, to say what he pleases, combating meanwhile as resolutely as you will, yet with courtesy and kindness, the error or the folly of his opinion, and leaving his judgment to the justice and wisdom of God. This is the American principle. Whenever departed from, nothing but evil has ensued. Whenever followed, lasting good has been the result—good that endures to bless us and those that are to come after us to the remotest generation.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

By the late advices from San Francisco, it appears that the Vigilance Committee have come to the conclusion to relapse into inactivity. It appears evident that the Committee would now disband entirely, were it not for two reasons. First, lest their services should again be requisite to overawe the lawless; and, secondly, from a fear that advantage would be taken of their want of organization, to bring them to account for their conduct in this matter. The *True Californian*, of August 19, says:—

It is now generally understood that the Vigilance Committee intend, in the course of the present week, to adjourn all active operations, and perhaps restore to the State authorities all the arms captured from them at various times. It is now believed that they have accomplished the main objects of their organization—have revived and maintained the freedom of speech and of the press—have laid the foundation for the security of the ballot-box in all future elections—have rendered life, liberty and property more secure than they have ever been since the incorporation of the city—have reinvigorated the arm of the law, and inspired a due degree of terror into the bosoms of all the ruffians and law-breakers in our midst. It is now perfectly certain that the Committee are omnipotent in this community; that no efforts to arrest or molest them will be tolerated for a moment, and that as they have voluntarily consented to retire for the present, it is the best policy of the entire State to consent to this course, and permit the members of it, as she did the members of the old Committee, peaceably to retire from their labors, and subside into the great mass of their fellow-citizens.

But this boon is not asked for in the spirit of begging or supplication. It is simply an act of justice. Should a contrary course be pursued, due preparations will be made to resist oppression and overthrow injustice. It can hardly be expected that those who have the might and the right in their own hands, will slavishly submit to a petty tyranny, founded on no higher motive than revenge.

The display of yesterday was necessary to convince the wavering, and overawe the combination between the guilty and their sympathizers.

On the other hand, another paper says:—

Much has been said of late about the adjournment and disbandment of the Vigilance Committee on and after Monday next. As there seems to have been some misapprehension about the real designs of that body, we have taken some little pains to ascertain their real objects. We are assured that their intention is not to adjourn or disband at present at all events, but on Monday next to give up a large portion of the space or rooms they have been occupying, and go into their original quarters, in one building, which they at first occupied, and where their arms are located. Much of the time since the organization they have been compelled to occupy two or three adjoining buildings, on account of the large number of prisoners on hand, and the necessarily large guard continually at the rooms. A small guard will now be engaged for the protection of the Committee's Head-quarters, and the Executive will hold its regular meetings, and as often as emergencies require it, but not so continuously as formerly.

The release of Judge Terry seems to have been rather in opposition to the popular feeling, though it does not appear to have shaken in the least the hold of the Committee upon the people. The following were the charges against and the sentence passed upon the Judge:—

The following are the charges made against Judge David S. Terry before the Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance, together with the verdicts of the former body and of the Delegates from the different companies of the general body:—

CHARGES.

First: David S. Terry is charged with resisting, by violence, the officers of the Committee of Vigilance while in the discharge of their duty.

Verdict—Guilty.

Second: David S. Terry is also charged with committing an assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill Sterling A. Hopkins, a police officer of the Committee of Vigilance, on the 21st June, 1856.

Verdict—By the Executive, found guilty of the "assault." By the Delegates, found guilty of the full charge.

Third: David S. Terry is charged with an attack on J. H. Purdy, in the city of San Francisco.

Verdict.—By the Executive, found guilty; by the Delegates, charge expunged.

The following sentence has been pronounced in this case:

SENTENCE:

"That David S. Terry, having been convicted, after a full, fair and impartial trial, of certain charges, before the Committee of Vigilance, and the usual punishments in their power to inflict, not being applicable in the present instance:

"Therefore, be it declared that the decision of the Committee of Vigilance is as follows: That the said David S. Terry be discharged from custody; and

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the Committee of Vigilance, the interests of the State imperatively demand that the said David S. Terry should resign his position as Judge of the Supreme Court.

"Resolved, That this resolution be read to David S. Terry, and he forthwith be discharged from the custody of the Committee of Vigilance."

The above sentence was read to Judge Terry in presence of the Executive Committee, at 2½ o'clock yesterday morning, and he was, in terms of the same, forthwith released from custody.

We should not be surprised, from the tenor of the above curious sentence, if a secret agreement had been made by the Committee with Judge Terry, that he was to resign his position in the Supreme Court. Whether this be so, will be determined, in our mind, by the future proceedings of the Judge.

We think it very unlikely that any attempt will be made to hold the members of the Committee accountable for the proceedings of the past few months. For our part, we should consider it much the wiser plan on the part of the State authorities, to "let bygones be bygones." It is not to be supposed that an organization of such evident power, would allow itself to be punished in detail; and the only effect therefore would be to array citizen against citizen in hostile conflict. If the Committee in its acts had really outraged justice and right, the case would stand very differently. If it had seriously punished Judge Terry, the case might have been altered. But in every case, its action has been directed against men who were evidently law-breakers—against bullies, gamblers, corrupters of the ballot-box, and murderers. Not to violate the laws, but to carry the violated laws into effect, was its avowed aim. And its action seems not to have overstepped the limit its members had prescribed to themselves. If they had formed themselves into a secret tribunal to punish innocent men for actions which no law condemned, the case would be different. But it is a peculiar case, and therefore, it seems to us, should be peculiarly treated.

At some cost—as we will not deny—to the great principles of Legality and Order, this Vigilance Committee of San Francisco has taught the bad men among us one important lesson—that, however they may have rendered themselves secure in the halls of justice, by corrupting and blinding its officers, they are not even then safe from examination and punishment. It has taught them that in a vigorous American community, the perpetrators of crime may reach a point where they cannot escape, again and again, with impunity. But that when the eyes of legal justice are so blinded with gold that she cannot see, and her arm so palsied with political promises that she cannot punish—there still remains the source of all power, an intelligent and virtuous People, who will not suffer crime to range forever at large, though judge after judge should engrave upon its brazen front the lying words, "Not Guilty."

THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We are indebted to Mr. Frear, of the Germantown Telegraph, for complimentary tickets of admission to the Exhibition of this Society, which is to be held in this city from the 7th to the 11th of October next. Preparations seem to be making for an imposing display.

THE DUTY OF VOTING.

We see in the last number of "*Life Illustrated*," the following statement of the number of those who are too indifferent to the welfare of their country to vote, even at the most important elections:—

The Presidential elections are most interesting, and are most fully attended. Now, of the three last, in one almost a third of the whole number of men of voting age did not vote, and in the others more than one-third!

Making all deductions for aliens, and others not entitled to the voting privilege, this is an enormous folly. These are the figures:—

Years.	Voters Voting.	Voters not Voting.
1844	2,711,460	1,290,783
1848	2,877,415	1,627,133
1852	3,126,378	1,970,936
By the same rules we shall have, next fall		
1856	3,376,093	2,961,507

More than two and a quarter millions of these lazy, mob-permitting, anarchy inviting delinquents. These are the true dissolvers of the Union; these are the real culprits, who are causing all the shaking and confusion in our well intended frame of government. Good people, mostly. Yes, indeed. *The rascals will be pretty sure to vote.* They will vote for two dollars apiece in hand paid, if they don't for anything else; and a rascal's vote counts one—an angel's would count no more.

Vote, you lazy good people. Vote, vote!

How men who pretend to be good citizens can reconcile it with their consciences to refrain from voting, especially on such an important occasion as a Presidential election, passes our comprehension. But the fact is, they are not really good citizens—they only pretend to be such. They are generally men so wrapped up in their own private pursuits, that they care not even to inform themselves as to the true state of parties, or the real condition of the country. But what could be more selfish than this—what more deserving of reprobation?

And what more short-sighted? For, in the course of a few years, those politics which they have abandoned for business, begin to interfere even with business itself. They have allowed bad men and wrong principles to gain the control of the government—and they are awakened from their selfish pursuits, by the prospect of a war ahead, or of civil commotion. Yes, if the business or professional men of the country will not meddle with politics, politics will soon begin to meddle with them. If the religion and virtue of the country will not "soil their hands" by meddling with politics, they soon will find politics meddling very seriously with them. And then they will also find that it is a much easier task to keep things right, than to set them right after they have got into a furious snarl.

Not vote! The man who in a Republic will not vote, should almost be made to vote. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance"—it is a hackneyed phrase, but not the less a true one. And for men who have no private interests to serve, but who really desire the best good of the country, to refrain from voting—to yield up the polls to those who have private and sordid ends in view, and their vicious satellites—is, in a Republic, something only short of madness.

To the readers of the Post, therefore, we say, let no man think of allowing the coming elections to pass without depositing his vote in the ballot box. And, in order to do this virtuously and intelligently, let him diligently inform himself as to the present position and principles of the great parties. Let him not be influenced by prejudice or by passion—but strive to determine which party, in its purposes and principles, conforms nearest to what he feels in his own heart to be the Eternal Truth. Let him remember that a man's vote is one of those deeds for which he will have to answer on the great day of Account. And let the good of his country, which never can run counter with the support of all that is highest in principle, and noblest in practice, be his one great, undivided aim.

PRIVATEERING.

The Liverpool Courier is discussing Mr. Marcy's proposition to exempt all property at sea from capture by belligerents. It calls it amusingly and audaciously impudent, and thinks, for jesuitical cunning and barefaced assumption, this despatch of Mr. Marcy may rank with those celebrated diplomatic notes of Count Nesselrode, which gave so peculiar a character to the Russian policy during the late war. Yet it admits that in this proposition, "they (the Americans) have put the European nations—England especially—very cleverly on the horns of a dilemma, and it will require all the astuteness of our statesmen to escape the difficulty."

What folly! There is no dilemma—that is if the "European nations, especially England," meant honestly in their proposition relative to Privateering. We care not whether Mr. Marcy's counter-proposition is honestly meant, in return, or not—he has made it, and this country will stand up to it. Now, if they think Mr. Marcy dishonest, and are themselves honest, they can do even a greater work than they originally contemplated, in favor alike of Commerce, Civilization and Christianity. They can not only abolish Privateering, but that principle of buccaneering and brigandage which underlies Privateering, and because of which it is justly odious. The European statesmen will require no "astuteness" in this matter, unless they have been playing a false and contemptible game. If they have been acting in simple good faith—not intending a side blow at the United States, under the cover of advocating a great public good—they are placed on the horns of no dilemma, and have no need of uncommon acumen to extricate themselves from any "difficulty."

WHERE THE MONEY IS.

It seems to be the idea of some politicians that the money in the United States Treasury is all nicely stowed away in the Treasury building at Washington City. But this is somewhat of a mistake. By far the greater portion of the income of the Federal Government is derived from the Duties on Foreign Imports, and these are collected in the sea-port towns. By the last Treasury statement, there was, on the 26th of August last, nearly $25,000,000 in the Federal Treasury—of which only some $72,000 was in Washington City—the rest being distributed in the various Sub Treasuries. As the principal sea-ports are in the Northern States, nearly $21,000,000 was in the Sub Treasuries at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c.; and the balance, about $4,000,000, in St. Louis, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, and other Southern cities. The money in the United States Treasury is of course most available for use at the great centres of trade and business. It is received there, paid away there, and therefore kept there—and is really more valuable to the Government in such places, than it would be anywhere else. Every Southern and Western merchant knows that $1,000 to his credit in Philadelphia or New York, is worth more than the same amount at home, in accordance with the rate of exchange.

☞ The readers of "Vivia" will find it carried over from the *fifth* to the *sixth* page this week.

☞ THE ORIGIN OF A FASHION.—There is a smile going round Europe, says the Daily News, at the simplicity of the ladies of England, France, and America, in their worship of Paris fashions. Because a beautiful young Empress found it convenient to revive the fashion of full petticoats, what must old dowagers and young maidens do but copy the dress without the excuse!

☞ THE LOWEST RIVER YET.—A Clarksville paper, speaking of the low water in the Tennessee River, says that a rise of three feet came down a few days previous, but could not get over the shoals!

☞ WHAT EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—When you hear a girl plead to be excused from going to "a concert," because of a "dreadful headache," make up your mind that Mr. Silver, the young jeweler, will call to console her, about the time the old folks have got past the second square. Headaches henceforth will be a chronic malady, until a card with "Mrs. Silver" is in circulation.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By J. T. HEADLEY. Charles Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Headley is certainly a clever writer. His chief literary faults are an excess of rhetoricianism and an occasional indulgence in sheer bombast. These appear much less than in former books, in this life of Washington. It is on the whole a strong and lucid record of the great man's career. The descriptions of military movements have all the striking graphic and pictural power for which Mr. Headley is well known. We see in his vivid prose the long lines of the sweeping squadrons and the gleam of the dancing flags, and are borne excitedly through the rush and shock of the charge. He certainly has the power of stirring the blood in one's heart, and his books are always best in passages where the fact are in dramatic correspondence with the description thereof. In calmer themes he does not excel. The vigor and passion of his pen are best suited to the delineation of popular excitements or battles. Of course this his chief literary excellence amounts to moral fault. These glowing descriptions of scenes of carnage are unquestionably pernicious. Therefore we regret Mr. Headley's books, and think they are on the wrong side. The present work has the faultful excellence we criticise. Otherwise we have no objection to it. It is accurate and interesting as facts and incidents not elsewhere recorded shows much industrious research and reading, and in a word, deserves to be read with other biographies of Washington.

THE OLD REGIME AND THE REVOLUTION. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The author of that profound, clear-sighted, and sagacious book, "Democracy in America," has here given us his analysis of that old order of aristocracy which even the French Revolution did not destroy, and whose spirit, in a new form, seems to be rising to rule again in France. It need hardly be said that De Tocqueville's book is deeply philosophical, luminous, and charged with the greatest interest. The preface deals some crushing blows at Louis Napoleon. In fact, the entire work may be considered an indirect protest against that successful knave's usurpation. It is a work which all persons interested in "affairs" will find pleasure and profit in reading. Years of thought and labor have gone to its production.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY, STATISTICAL AND DYNAMICAL. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., L.L. D. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Professor Draper has made these lectures on the condition and course of the life of Man more attractive than any lectures of the kind that we have ever met with. Books of this class are apt to be dry, technical, overloaded with scientific jargon, and only interesting to the resolute scholar. But the present volume is charming, and while perfectly scientific and sound in its teachings, has pages as beautiful as poems. We recommend it cordially to such of our readers as desire instruction on the subject it treats of. They will find it at once alluring and useful.

DRED: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In Two Volumes. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have received but not yet perused this work, which we learn is making a great sensation in England, where it was simultaneously issued—the orders reaching a thousand copies a day, though the price is double that of the American edition. The orders in this country are said to be fairly "immense"—curiosity to see whether it comes fully up to, or falls below "Uncle Tom" in interest, doubtless having considerable to do in the matter.

MORMON GREECE; A Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country. By HENRY M. BAIRD, M. A. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Mr. Baird's account of his Grecian experiences is valuable. The book is written in a plain, practical way, and gives abundant information concerning the life, law, antiquities, literature, language, politics and religion of Greece. It is plentifully illustrated with fine wood engravings, which serve to actualize the text. The impression produced of the state of things on those bright shores at the present time, is hopeful and cheering.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Memoirs of William Tell, Madame De Sevigne, Milton, Antar, and Bossuet, make up this the third volume of Lamartine's brilliant and entertaining work as above entitled.

THREE PER CENT. A MONTH; or, The Perils of Fast Living. By CHAS. BURDETT. Derby & Jackson, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A tale making dramatically evident the proverb about living beyond one's means. It is written with power, and has interest.

LITTLE SONGS. By Mrs. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Whittemore Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co. Philadelphia.

A collection of captivating little ditties, a la Mother Goose, for the children.

LIFE IN THE ITINERANCY, in its Relations to the Circuit and Station, and to the Ministers Home and Family. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philada.

☞ One good turn deserves another:

A poor man went to hang himself,
But treasure chanced to find;
He pocketed the miser's pelf,
And left the rope behind.

His money gone, the miser hung
Himself in sheer despair;
Thus each the other's wants supplied,
And that was surely fair.

☞ God hears the heart without the words, but He never hears the words without the heart.

☞ The man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.

☞ Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

☞ INDEPENDENT.—A subscriber writes to Western editors: "I don't want your paper longer." To which the editor replies: "I wou make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

☞ SEA SICKNESS.—The Nautical Magazine endeavors to show that sea sickness is not influ by the size of vessels, but by their shape, a asserts that sea voyagers are not less subjected to sea sickness in large steamers than in small ones. The general impression is quite the reverse of this.

☞ No man can safely go abroad that does love to stay at home.

☞ In a Dutch translation of Addison's "Cato," the words: "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered: "Just so—you are very right, My Plato."

☞ I met her at sunset bright, her gingham was blue; her eyes that danced with young devil were of the same dear hue; and always when sun goes down, I shall think of the girl in the ham gown.

☞ Naturalists have remarked that the squi continually chatting with his fellow squirrels

FROM KANSAS.

Expulsion of Citizens of Leavenworth—Rumored Attack on Westport and Independence—Capture and Release of Gen. Richardson—Capture of the Santa Fe Train, &c.

(From the St. Louis Intelligencer, Sept. 4)

We learn from passengers on the steamers Emma and Polar Star, which arrived yesterday from the Upper Missouri, that on Monday last a very serious affair took place at Leavenworth City, K. T. It seems that a company of about 100 went from Weston to Leavenworth on a ferry boat and ordered all the men capable of doing service to join them and go to the seat of the war. Those that refused were driven out of town. This was not done without a skirmish, in which four men were killed and several wounded. Two of those killed were named Phillips, a third Rogers, the other unknown. One of the Phillipses, we understand, was the person of that name who was tarred and feathered last fall.—He was a lawyer and a Free State man. Rogers was a gambler.

We are told there was no discrimination made by the Weston men as to the politics of those they drove off. The Pro-Slavery and Free State men were about equally divided in Leavenworth City, and the citizens have endeavored to maintain a neutrality with reference to the Kansas disturbances. It is a very flourishing business town, and prudential motives restrained the inhabitants from taking part in the hostilities. The Weston men, however, were determined to force them into the fray, and drove off those who would not join them. The town was in a state of great excitement, business being entirely suspended. About fifty of the inhabitants who were driven off came down on the Emma and Polar Star.

We have received the St. Louis papers of the 8th inst. In the Democrat we find a number of statements from prominent men of Leavenworth City, who have been deprived of their property and driven out of the place. The following is a sample:

STATEMENTS OF DR. NORTON.

The undersigned has been a practising physician in Weston, Platte county, Mo., from the spring of 1839 to the last of April, 1854. From that time to the 2nd of September, 1856, I have resided in Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory, engaged in the latter place, viz.: Leavenworth City, in the business of druggist and practising physician, and am one of the thirty-two original proprietors of Leavenworth, with the exception of four or five who reside at Fort Leavenworth. The Leavenworth Association was composed of those who had long resided in Weston and vicinity, and feeling a lively interest in the unparalleled growth and future prosperity of the place as one of the original proprietors, and owning a large number of lots that must be exceedingly valuable if Kansas should be made a Free State, and believing that the advantages for education, internal improvements, and increase in value of real estate, was greatly in favor of a Free State, I expressed my preferences that it should be made such, and unfortunately, perhaps, had voted for the Topeka Constitution and with the Free State party, but had refrained from taking any active part in politics generally, and had endeavored to pursue a strictly conservative course.

On Monday night I was called on by Fred. Emory, at the head of an armed company. He asked me if I was a law and order man. I replied "I am, sir." He next inquired, in case of invasion, if I would take up arms in favor of the Pro Slavery party. I replied that he knew that I was lame, in consequence of a fractured leg, but that I would do anything in my power constantly to protect the town. He replied, "That is right; that is sufficient. You can go to bed and sleep quietly." But the next morning he again called on me, at the head of an armed body of men, and, in the most peremptory manner, informed me that I must leave forthwith. I told him that I had a large stock of goods, and asked if I could have time to pack them. He told me I must hasten down immediately to the boat then lying at the levee, steamer Emma, and said it was then waiting, and would soon be off. I immediately passed into the house, through my store, and requested my wife to prepare in a hurry to take the steamer at the levee. We gathered up, in the confusion and haste, a few clothes for the family; I locked the store door, and passed to the back door, which I locked, and with my family of four children, including a very sick babe, and two other sick children, and feeble wife, hastened upon the boat, leaving a stock of drugs and medicines costing me over $1,000, besides all my family library, beds, and bedding, household furniture, &c., &c.

I left the store key with a friend I met with on the boat, before I left.

There were persons in the company engaged in driving me off, that owed me borrowed money and on account. About thirty persons were driven upon the same boat in a similar manner.

S. Norton, M. D.

☞ The St. Louis Republican, of the 6th inst., says Governor Geary left that city in the afternoon train of the day previous for Jefferson City. At that point he will take the boat and proceed directly to Kansas. We understand that he is very confident of being able, soon after his arrival there, to settle all the differences in that ill-fated Territory, and to restore peace and order within all its borders.

Correspondence of the Republican.

Independence, Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1856.—Since the skirmish at Osawattomie, of which you were apprised, the Pro-Slavery party, for greater effectiveness, determined not to make any other attack upon Lane or Brown's forces until the 13th. Many of the different companies, who only expected to remain a few days, and were unprepared for a regular campaign, returned to their homes to make such preparations as was required, and design coming back to prosecute the war with greater determination and boldness. Immediately upon the separation of this body of men, the Abolitionists, driven to extremity by hunger, were necessarily compelled to make some bold attacks upon anything that offered.

It seems the returning Santa Fe trains were the most convenient, and on the day before yesterday they surrounded and took Wm. McKinney's train of twenty wagons—their oxen, provisions and wagons. Bent's and one or two other trains were close in the rear of McKinney's, and it is feared they have fared the same fate. One or two outward-bound trains are afraid to leave the line, as these robbing parties have threatened all, and say that they will even come into the State and destroy Westport, New Santa Fe and this place. Of this, we feel no apprehension, save by incendiaries. We learn that Richardson is still in the field, with 700 or 800 men, and near to Lawrence. It is expected that he will make an attack upon Lawrence in a day or two. Yours, &c., in haste.

Letters from *Lawrence* state that Benj. Newsom, combining in his own person the two offices of Deputy Sheriff of the Territory, and Deputy Marshal of the United States, recently entered Lawrence with eighty dragoons to arrest Col. Lane, and left the place—the citizens groaning Newsom, and cheering the dragoons. He was told by some that Lane had gone to Iowa.

St. Louis, Sep. 8.—An extra from the office of the Western Dispatch, Sep. 3d, published at Independence, expresses apprehensions of a visit from Gen. Lane, with 3,000 insurgents, having ten pieces of artillery.

The Dispatch appears to place the most implicit reliance upon the intelligence, although it is not likely to be well founded.

The extra contains the following letter from a number of gentlemen of Westport. It is dated Westport, Sept. 2d. To the citizens of Missouri:—

"Thos. Smith has just arrived from New Mexico. He had charge of the S. L. McKinney's train, from this place. It was taken from him at Palmyra, Kansas, by Abolitionists under Gen. Lane. Beuty and Campbell's trains were just behind, and he thinks they are taken. They say they are determined to destroy New Santa Fe, Westport and Independence, between this and Sunday night.

"Send us help. Let them be here as soon as possible. We want you to-morrow. This place will probably be attacked to-morrow night.

"Wm. M. Brent, Upton Hays, Thos. Johnston, Jas. B. Yager, O. Anderson, W. R. Bernard, J. Bernard, A. G. Bernard, J. G. Hamilton, Jas. Findley.

"P. S.—The wagons were taken yesterday at 11 o'clock."

St. Louis, Sept. 10.—We have advices from Kansas to the 5th inst., stating that Col. Lane, with a party of 150 men, attacked the town of Tecumseh on the 4th, but no particulars are given.

Judge Lecompte had issued orders to the U. S. Marshal to arrest Lane and all other agitators. Gen. Smith had instructed Col. Cook, at Fort Riley, to give all necessary assistance in the execution of the writs.

Gov. Geary arrived at Glasgow on Tuesday, where he met Gov. Shannon on his way down.

Chicago, Sept., 12.—One hundred Free State refugees arrived yesterday at St. Louis, from Kansas. They were mostly destitute, having left all behind them. They state that a large number of families had taken refuge at Fort Leavenworth.

They also bring a report that a number of women and children, belonging to Free State families, were killed at Strangers' Creek, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst.

Private advices received from Kansas City, announce that the Free State party under Col. Lane, was about to attack Westport, Kansas City, and Independence.

It is also reported that the Free State men had surrounded Gen. Richardson's forces to the north of Lawrence, and cut off his retreat.

Gov. Geary had arrived at Leavenworth, and held a consultation with Gen. Smith. He would proceed to Lawrence in the course of a few days.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The St. Louis Democrat of yesterday, announces that Gen. Richardson had been taken prisoner by the Free State men, by whom he had been surrounded north of Lawrence. He was carried before Col. Lane, who restored his arms and sent him back under an escort.

Great consternation is exhibited at Leavenworth, in consequence of the rumors of an intended attack by Col. Lane.

Gen. Smith has sent four companies to Leavenworth to protect the town. In the meanwhile, Col. Lane remains at Lawrence, and the most reliable reports declare that he has no intention to leave his present position.

Capt. Brown, one of the Free State leaders, was not killed at Osawattomie, as reported. A letter from him to his wife, published in the *Utica Morning Herald*, gives an account of the battle, and confirms his own safety.

The St. Louis News of Thursday evening last has the following:

LATEST FROM KANSAS—RELIABLE PARTICULARS.

Mr. W. S. Honnold, one of the men who had charge of the Santa Fe (McKinney's) train, captured by the Free State men, called on us this morning, and related the particulars of that occurrence, and other events in Kansas. The train was captured on the 1st, by a company of men under Captain Cutter—not Brown, erroneously stated. It consisted of three mules, three horses, and sixty-six head of cattle. The baggage of the teamsters was searched, and their arms and ammunition taken from them. While in charge of their captors, they were well treated, no cruelty or indignity, other than the searching of their carpet sacks, being offered them. On being released they were given one of the wagons and six oxen, to convey themselves to Missouri with. Word was sent also to the owner of the train, that he could not have his property by coming after it, and that it should be preserved for him. Two other trains, Bent's and Campbell's, which it was feared would be captured also, were allowed to pass unmolested by the Yankees who gave, as their reason for capturing McKinney's train, that McKinney was a strong Pro-Slavery man, engaged with the Pro-Slavery army.

The "Yankees" told the captives that they had under arms 1,800 men—900 at Lawrence, 500 between Lawrence and Leavenworth, and 400 between Lawrence and the Pro-Slavery camp at Bull Creek. These forces are all under regular military discipline, no man being allowed to leave the army of his own accord, as is the case with the Pro-Slavery army. They told them also that they had no idea of attacking the Missouri towns. They seemed to be accurately posted in regard to the position, aims and movements of the Pro-Slavery forces, as all they told the teamsters was found by the latter to be correct on their arrival at the Pro-Slavery camp.

When our informant left the Bull Creek camp, on the 4th, the greater part of the Missourians were leaving too, and not more than fifty men were left. The determination, however, was expressed, to return on the 13th and attack Lawrence.

☞ A wise man being asked how old he was, replied, "I am in health;" and being asked how rich he was, said, "I am not in debt."

☞ A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our flag.

☞ Paradise was not so long ago as is sometimes thought. The garden of Eden is now spread out in the width of the world. Our homes are bowers in it; our roads are walks in it, and always within reach hang forbidden fruits, though now they are such as are often their own punishment in eating—apples of Sodom, golden in the rind and dust inside. There is in the garden still the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and this we may eat of now; for it is full grown, and the fruit of it is ripe.

☞ A poetical young midshipman, being called upon to describe flirtation, compared it to "hugging the shore of the United States."

☞ Robert Kettle, of Glasgow, was of a joyous nature; and the very things that would have irritated others, only excited his mirth. Having left some temperance tracts at the house of a friend, he found them, on calling a few days after, serving the purpose of paper curls to one of the young ladies. "Well," said he, "I see you have made use of the tracts;" but immediately converted confusion into merriment by adding, "only, ye hae put them *on the wrong side o' her head*, lassie."

☞ Of all political repartees, one of the happiest was that of Sheridan, who, on being reproached by Pitt, as forming a drag-chain on the wheels of Government, bounded up with the reply, that for once he could compliment the Minister on the correctness of his allusions, since the drag-chain was ever imposed but when the vehicle was going down hill!

☞ A New View of the Tobacco Pipe.—We admit that the money expended for tobacco might buy good clothes and wholesome food; but among the sunbeams let into the cottage, not the least is the light of the poor man's pipe. We write now with especial reference to the treatment of women; and we are convinced that the pipe has a very sedative and tranquilizing effect. Much angry and bitter feeling, we are convinced, is puffed out and dissipated with the fumes of tobacco. On the whole, the pipe is not an offence, but a protection to women.—*North British Review.*

☞ Mr. Charles Knight calculates that, in the year 1744, the people of England did not expend more than $500,000 a year on books, newspapers and publications of every kind; but that in 1854, they expended $10,425,000, being an increase of twenty-fold, whilst the population has increased only two and half fold.

☞ A lady sitting down to a dinner of roast veal, the other day, exclaimed, while eating, "I do think that butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived; these poor calves!—another piece off the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith."

☞ "Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath school teacher of his class. "Because," said a young lady, "they thought it a good *opening* for the young man."

☞ "This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same length back again, making in all twenty eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

☞ Simple Habits.—The Rev. Dr. Trench, the last Archbishop of Tuam, though a wealthy man, was exceedingly simple and temperate in his mode of living—a plain joint of meat supplied his dinner. Whenever he saw one of his children about to try a new dish, not tasted perhaps at any time before, he always said with a smile, "Now you are going to create a want."

☞ Gainsborough was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, and a counsellor endeavored to puzzle him by saying, "I observe you lay great stress on 'a painter's eye;' what do you mean by that expression?" "A painter's eye," answered Gainsborough, "is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

☞ A woman of excellent sense, and somewhat of a satiric turn of mind, was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. ———, adding that Mr. ——— was a good kind of man, but so very angular. "Well," replied the lady, "so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband."

☞ Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity on the bench. When going circuit, a facetious lawyer, named Crowle, was asked if "the Judge was not just behind." "I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he was never *just* before."

☞ The gentleman who "fired at random," did not hit it, and, in disgust, he lent his rifle to the youth who had determined to "aim at immortality."

☞ A young lady in the millinery line, having been deserted by her adorer, exclaimed—"Such a menial ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox."

☞ Authentic facts and recent experiments show that the mixture of brine in considerable quantity with food, may produce real poisoning. In all cases, brine preserved too long, or in contact with rancid meat, should not be employed except with the greatest care and after it has been purified by skimming all the scum which forms on the surface.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Vigilance Committee—Release of Judge Terry—Attack by Rangers, &c.

New York, Sept. 14.—The steamer George Law has arrived, with the San Francisco mails of August 20th. She connected in Aspinwall with the Pacific mail steamship John L. Stephens, which brought down to Panama nearly two millions in gold, and upwards of 500 passengers.

The George Law left Aspinwall on the 3d inst., and arrived off Havana on the 8th. A boat was sent into port to ask permission to land her mails for New Orleans, so as to avoid detention at quarantine. This request was refused, and the George Law then sailed for Key West, where her mails were landed. The New Orleans steamer was to sail there for them.

The George Law brings $1,600,000 in gold on freight.

On the 7th ult., Judge Terry was unconditionally released from custody by the Committee.

On the 18th ult., the Committee had a grand review and parade, when their entire force, numbering between 4,000 and 5,000 well appointed troops was under arms.

The Committee had not officially disbanded, but it was understood that their functions ceased for the present, with the imposing demonstration of the 18th.

The several companies are, however, to retain their arms and maintain their organization, and it was understood the Committee would reassemble in case of necessity.

The People's Nominating Committee had been appointed at San Francisco, which it was expected would have much influence on the approaching election.

The Republicans were to hold a State Convention at Sacramento on the 27th ult., to nominate Presidential Electors and Members of Congress.

The committee having charge of the fund for a testimonial to the late Mr. King, acknowledge the receipt of $30,000, which has been conveyed to trustees for the benefit of the widow and children of the late editor of the Bulletin.

A fire has occurred at Diamond Springs, causing a loss of half a million.

The papers from the Isthmus furnish nothing later from Nicaragua.

There had been no sickness among the passengers of the Law.

The U. S. ship Independence, from Callao, arrived at Panama on the 31st ult. All well.

The U. S. sloop of war St. Mary, was still at Panama, and the Saratoga at Aspinwall. The officers and crews were all well.

The fruit season of California is proving to be a bounteous one. Peaches are now so plentiful in San Francisco, that they may be had for from two to three cents a piece. This is reckoned wonderfully cheap in the golden State. Melons, pears, &c., are almost equally abundant and cheap. Grapes are beginning to come in from the lower country. The crop there, from the multitude of new vines planted of late years, is reported to be very large. Native wine made from the Los Angelos grape, is selling in San Francisco.

The release of Judge Terry by the Vigilance Committee was at first generally received with much dissatisfaction by the members of, and sympathizers with, the Committee, both in town and country. The Executive Committee and the Board of Delegates of Companies found Terry guilty of all the charges made against him, "after a full, fair and impartial trial;" but considered it inexpedient to inflict either of the only two punishments in their power, viz.:—death, or banishment under pain of death if he should return. They therefore released their prisoner unconditionally. The first dissatisfaction, loudly expressed for a time, particularly in San Francisco, among the members of the General Committee, has calmed down; and now all seem content to bear the Executive Committee out to the end.

Several dangerous characters were shipped from the country by the last steamer; among them Bulger, who had returned from exile, and fallen again into the hands of the Committee; nothing but an oversight in reading his sentence to him, saved his life; a fact that should, and no doubt will, serve as a warning to any others of the proscribed, should they entertain the intention of returning.

In the political world, the American party has come more prominently into the field since last advices from these parts, making three parties, each sanguine of carrying the State, and arousing all their energies for the accomplishment of that end; their most able speakers being engaged stumping the State with the avowed purpose of keeping it up until the time of election.

The Republicans have three declared "organs" which hoist the Fremont flag, viz.: a morning paper in San Francisco, (the Chronicle, *formerly* an independent journal,) another in Sacramento, and a biweekly journal at San Jose. A People's Party has been formed at San Francisco, in opposition to all political organizations; but its efforts will be confined to the selection of proper local officers.

Murders and robberies continue to be numerous in the interior. On the 12th ult., the Cranptonville stage, on its road to Marysville, full of passengers, and $100,000 in treasure, was attacked by six mounted robbers. The passengers defended themselves bravely. Forty shots were exchanged, and the coach was completely riddled. One woman was killed, and several other passengers severely wounded. The robbers were finally compelled to retreat, without the expected booty.

The sloop John W. Adams sailed from San Francisco, for the Sandwich Islands, on the 17th ultimo.

The total export of treasure from San Francisco, for the seven last months, was thirty millions.

The markets generally were dull, without material change. Provisions were firm, and pork had slightly advanced. Breadstuffs were firm, at full prices.

Large shipments continue to Australia.

Expulsion of Two Irishmen from South Carolina.—Two Irishmen, residents of Chetaw, S. C., were recently expelled from that town—a public meeting appointing a committee "to take them to Wilmington, N. C., and ship them to some Northern port." The following are the charges against them:—

"The Committee to whom was referred the duty of investigating the charges against John Malone, unanimously report that they have examined witnesses, and had the accused before them, and are satisfied that James Caldwell, the employer, and John Malone, the employee of said Caldwell, are foreigners, having no sympathy with our peculiar social organization, that they entertain and have expressed publicly opinions hostile to the institution of slavery, and dangerous to the peace and good order of this community; that they have been seen conversing on various occasions with negro slaves, under circumstances calculated to excite suspicions of their purposes; and that their continued residence among us will be inconsistent with our safety."

A Man Starving Himself to Death by the Direction of Spirits.—The Dayton (O.) Gazette details a very remarkable instance of monomania, which has just been terminated in that city, in the case of Rev. Joshua Upson, a Universalist clergyman, who died at 12 o'clock on Sunday night week. He has lived in an almost skeleton condition, abstaining from nourishment for fifteen, twenty, and even thirty days in succession. He has maintained and believed that he did this under the direction of "the spirits," who promised, under this course of discipline, to develope him into a more extraordinary "medium" than has hitherto been known. He lived under the impression that hundreds of disembodied spirits were constantly talking with him, directing him, encouraging, rebuking him, prescribing what he should eat, what he should say, foretelling every day the least change in his physical condition, and punishing him severely when he refused to act in accordance with their directions.

Health of New York.—The health of the city exhibits a progressive improvement. The Inspector's official returns of the interments for the week ending Saturday, show but 476 deaths, which is a decrease of 29 compared with the returns of the previous week. Men, 85; women, 68; boys, 205; girls, 123. From consumption, 42; infantile marasmus, 43. One case of yellow fever reported.

The fever lingers at Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island. At the former place, four new cases were reported on Saturday. Dr. Dubois, who contracted the disease at Fort Hamilton, a few days since, died at New Utrecht on the evening of the 12th inst. The Brooklyn Board reports the city free from all contagious or infectious disease.

An Army Missing.—The Prussian official correspondence says:—General Chrulieff, who commanded a Russian division during the siege of Sebastopol, was afterwards sent to the frontiers of Persia, where he appears to have advanced too far into the hostile territory. Cut off from all communication with his own countrymen, and threatened on his flank by immediate hordes of Circassians and Kurds, he found himself obliged to make a retreat across boundless wastes of the inhospitable sand steppes, and as nothing has hitherto been heard of him, great fears are entertained for the safety of the General and his whole army.

Terrible Riot at Baltimore.—Two Men Killed and Twenty Wounded.—Baltimore, Sept. 12.—A terrible riot occurred this afternoon, between the Fillmore Fishing Club and a party of men at the Seventeenth Ward democratic head quarters. Two men were killed on the spot and some twenty others wounded, several of which are believed to be fatally injured. The fight lasted only a few minutes, but the firing was heavy and severe.

Neither of the men killed were engaged in the fight, and most of the wounded were residents of the vicinity, attracted to the spot by the disturbance.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamship Cambria, from Liverpool, with dates to the 30th August, arrived at Halifax on the 12th inst.

The Arabia arrived at Halifax on the 13th inst., having made the run in a little more than 8½ days, with dates five days later.

England.—The Conservatives are arranging their internal differences, with a view to making a grand attempt to overthrow the Palmerston administration.

The London Star asserts that the Governments of France and England are on bad terms, in relation to Spanish affairs, and communications of an unfriendly character, it is understood, has passed between them.

The Star further says, an opinion has found its way to the other side of the Atlantic, that England is ready to make any concession, in order to obtain the friendship of the United States, and that this has been come to in the event of a possible rupture with France. The improved tone of the London journals is interpreted in this sense, and the New York Herald makes much of the hope. We have hitherto hesitated to say so, because there are matters of great importance, which should not be paraded for the sake of raising a public excitement, but as the Paris correspondence of our own press now begin to talk about the matter, reserve must be put aside, and the public should be instructed that while there may be really no danger, it is always a serious thing to have our foreign policy under the direction of a premier like Lord Palmerston.

The Queen of Oude remains at Southampton, unrecognized by Victoria.

The royal family have gone to Scotland.

The political news from France is unimportant.

The Emperor intends making a prolonged stay at Biaritz.

Another persecution of the members of the Secret Society is progressing at Dijon.

An earthquake occurred in Algeria on the 21st.—Several villages were destroyed.

The Madrid papers state that decrees are about to appear dissolving the Cortes, remodelling the Council of State, regulating the press, and re-establishing the Constitution of 1845.

Two hundred prisoners have been embarked at Barcelona for Cuba.

Sixteen civil Governors of the Provinces have been dismissed, and their successors appointed, half of the Progressists, and half of the Moderate parties.

Authentic advices say that the Ministry continues perfectly united. The Queen places every confidence in them.

The Madrid papers state that the difficulty between Spain and Mexico has been definitely settled.

The Free Trade Congress excites considerable attention in England.

Grand manœuvres of the Prussian troops are going on at St. Goor, on the Rhine.

The reported erection of a line of fortresses around Berlin is confirmed.

The Austrian journals repeat the denial that any increase of the Austrian forces in Italy is intended, but admit that the troops already there fully reach the war strength.

The reported disaffection in the Neapolitan army is confirmed. It was caused by certain regiments having been ordered to work on the railway.

A Frankfort letter professes to give an analysis of the letter of the King of Naples to the Western Powers. The King considers the interference of the Western Powers an encroachment on his independence. He does not refuse the suggested reforms, but considers the Neapolitan government the best judge of the matter. He does not say, as reported, that he will repel force by force, but hints that if real cause of grievance exists on the part of the Western Powers, he is open to a European Congress.

Turkey.—The Porte is taking measures for the chastisement of the Montenegrins for their recent fanatical outrages. The Porte has also given renewed assurances to the Western Powers that the concessions to the Christians will be observed.

The rumored expedition of the Russians against the Abasians is discredited. Not a single Russian soldier has crossed to Ingour.

The heir to the Burman throne has been assassinated.

The Indigo crop of Bengal is injured. The import trade is dull.

The insurrection is progressing. Exchanges are firm.

The Canton Tea market opened at 25 taels. The crop of raw silk is large.

Liverpool Cotton Market, August 29.—The Cotton market is wholly unchanged, except that New Orleans and Mobile fair have advanced ⅛d. The demand has been moderate, and the sales for the week foot up 48,000 bales, of which speculators took 5,000 bales, and exporters 3,500 bales. The quotations are—New Orleans fair, 7⅛d; do middling, 6 5-16th; Mobile fair, 6¾d; Uplands fair, 6 5-16th; do middling, 6 3-16ths.

The advices from Manchester are favorable. The business has been moderate, at unchanged prices.

Breadstuffs.—The market for all descriptions of Breadstuffs are unchanged as to price, but the transactions are limited. Buyers are holding back for lower prices for Flour, and to effect sales less than the quotations would have to be taken. The following are the quotations:—Flour, good Ohio, 33s.36s; Southern 30s.32s.

Corn—Yellow and mixed Corn 33s.33s 6d; white 33s 6d.s 34 6d.

Wheat—Old crop red 6ds 6d; new crop 10s; white, old crop, 9s 3d.s10s 9d; new 11s.

The weather has been very favorable for agricultural purposes, which has induced holders to press their stocks upon the market.

Provisions.—The demand for Beef is unchanged, and prices steady, with a moderate business. Pork is unchanged, with a moderate demand; the finer qualities are scarce, while inferior are dull, with a declining tendency. Lard is scarce and firm, with small sales at 73s. Bacon is in moderate demand and prices stiffer, but not quotably higher.

Naval Stores.—Common Rosin is firm, with a large business at 4s 6d. and fine at 5s 11s. Spirits of Turpentine is unchanged, and active at 31s 6d.s32s. Crude Turpentine, none. Tar 13s 6d.

Rice is unchanged, with a moderate business at 28s 6da 29s 6d.

Sugar is weak and the transactions small at 6d decline. Coffee is steady.

Tallow is firm. Linseed Oil is unchanged, with a limited business at 38s 6da39s 3d.

There is no Bark offering.

London Money Market, Aug. 29.—The money market is unchanged. American stocks are firm, with a large business doing. Consols for money are quoted at 91¼.

Narrow Escape from a Serious Disaster.—The Mobile Tribune, of Saturday week, says:

"We learn from a gentleman, who arrived by the cars last evening, that a very serious disaster came near happening to the Mississippi train yesterday morning, about five miles this side of Lauderdale Springs. An old lady who had the misfortune to lose some of her cattle on the road, had piled up a parcel of blocks and stumps of trees on the track near her premises, and stood by with arms a-kimbo to witness the result. The cars came lumbering on at the usual hour, and dashing round a curve, ran into the old woman's trap without more serious damage than knocking one off the track. The danger was imminent, as there was a steep embankment on both sides.

"The old woman seemed greatly delighted, and said to the men coming up to her, 'I'll teach you railroad men to run over my cows.'

"To the passengers she apologized in the politest manner, saying she hadn't the slightest intention of injuring any of them—that it was the railroad men she was after, for killing her cows.

"The passengers and officials, we learn, were very much exasperated against her, but left without violence."

Mormons in Denmark.—Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark as to cause the religious and reflecting part of the inhabitants to look with dread to the future, as it may exercise a most baneful influence on the peasantry and lower classes, who are exclusively to be found among the converts. Several petitions have been sent in to the Government from different parts of the kingdom, praying that a stop may be put to the nuisance, and that the Mormons be prohibited from exercising in future their religious ceremonies with so much demonstrative ostentation as they are now allowed to do. Jutland is the part where the great hotbed of Mormon proselytism is to be found; and, as they eventually make up caravans or parties of four or five hundred together, to emigrate to America, in order to settle on the banks of the Great Salt Lake, it will have the effect of ultimately depopulating the province to a great degree, and depriving its agriculture of many industrious hands. It is especially to this point that the petition to the King, just sent in from the town of Aalborg, and signed by upwards of 200 of the principal inhabitants, lays so much stress, and calls the attention of the government.

Murder in Philadelphia.—A man named William West murdered his wife on the evening of Sept. 8th, at a house in Merchant street, in this city. At the time of the murder West was under the influence of liquor. He was exceedingly jealous of his wife, and had recently quarrelled with her. Having stabbed her dead, he attempted to end his own life by stabbing himself twice in the breast, but though he succeeded in inflicting serious wounds, it is thought they are not fatal.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 225—Adults 84, and children 141.

☞ It is related of Dr. Franklin that when he was last in London, he was walking one day with a pair of spectacles on, belonging to a friend. He kept them on, pretending they would help his eyes. Passing along, a porter ran against him. "D—n your spectacles!" said the coarse fellow; whereupon the doctor, laughing heartily, said: "There, my friend, you see what I said was true, for if I had not had the spectacles on he would have d—d my eyes!"

NEWS ITEMS.

A Female Colonel of Cuirassiers.—The Zeitung of Berlin, contains the following:

"It has been already stated that the Empress Dowager of Russia has been named chief of the 6th regiment of cuirassiers. When the officers of that regiment were presented to her Majesty on the 8th, at Sans Souci, the Empress wore a costume which, to a certain degree, resembled the uniform of the regiment. With the exception of the Queen, no lady has ever received such a command in Russia."

The Largest Merchant Sailing Vessel Yet.—The Ocean Monarch, the largest merchant sailing vessel in the world, will be launched at New York next week. She is intended for the Liverpool trade. Her length on deck is 240 feet, extreme breadth 46 feet, and depth of hold 30 feet, with flat floor and sharp ends, having a capacity equal to from 7,000 to 7,300 bales of cotton.

The Green Bay Advocate of the 28th ult., says that black and gray squirrels are now visiting the corn and wheat fields in that vicinity by thousands. Farmers are complaining bitterly of the destruction they make among the crops. This is accounted for, in a great measure, by the scarcity of most all kinds of nuts in the woods this season.

Russian Rails.—The Russians have commenced to manufacture rails for their railroads, and they are said to be superior to the English, although somewhat dearer. Prior to the late war, all their rails were imported from England. Two great proprietors of Russian forges have engaged to manufacture all the rails required for the new railroads.

A small lot of tobacco, raised in North Carolina, was sold a few days since in Lynchburg, Va., at $255 per hundred weight. The Virginian says it was the finest article ever seen in that or any other market—the color bright gold, and the texture almost as fine as silk.

English Surnames.—The Register General estimates that there are nearly 40,000 surnames in England. Among them there are 51,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51 000 that of Jones. The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about a million of the population.

Pulpit Politics.—It is rumored that the Rev. Dudley Tyng, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, in this city, is requested by his Vestrymen to resign his office, in consequence of his "political" preaching, and that he desires to have the sense of his congregation on the subject, refusing to resign previously.

An expedition to explore the Nile has been fitted out in France. The expedition has thirty barks and two small steamers, and a crew of one hundred men, besides the necessary men and means to continue the journey by land beyond the head of navigation. The expedition will leave Europe on the 10th of September.

The Cincinnati Gazette learns that "A young and handsome girl, residing on Sycamore street, attempted, on Sunday evening week, to commit suicide by swallowing a large dose of laudanum. Soon after taking it, she rued the rash act, told what she had done, and became exceedingly afraid she would die. A physician was called in, used the stomach pump, and at last accounts the girl was doing well, and not only likely to recover from the effects of the poison, but also from a love fit, that it seems induced the foolish attempt. 'Oh, doctor,' said she, to her physician, 'wouldn't it have been horrible to have killed myself for such a stupid fellow as ——— ! why, when he heard of it he said he always thought I was a blamed fool!'"

In Luck.—The Abingdon Virginian states that John H. Thompson, of Smyth county, Va., repaired to California to seek his fortune when the gold mania first broke out in that region. He spent some year or two there without any apparent success.—Before returning, he invested a small amount in land. A few days ago he received information that his land is in the heart of the richest gold region yet discovered, and is valued at $300,000.

Duel with Broadswords.—On Friday of last week, two citizens of Norfolk, Va., met near Washington Point, Norfolk county, to settle a difference with broadswords. The result was that both gentlemen were severely, though not dangerously, wounded.

Brutality in Chicago.—A prize fight between a bear and buffalo came off at Chicago, on the 5th ult. The buffalo got the worst of it. After receiving the first stroke, he turned tail, burst through the enclosure, and ran about two miles before he was caught. On being brought back, the bear choked him to death! The fight took place in the presence of 2,000 spectators.

The Incas.—In the interior of Peru there has been lately discovered a beautiful tunnel under a river, the work of the old Incas, and a lasting proof of their civilization.

Extraordinary Tenacity of Life.—The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, of the 2nd inst., states that Mr. Solomon J. Felkner, of that city, in cutting a stick of white oak timber, found a toad in the heart of the tree. Over him had grown sixty seven grains or rings of the oak, indicating that that had been his home for sixty-seven years at least, where he had existed without air, without water, and without food. For a while he remained torpid, but after a few minutes' exposure to the sun, he hopped about quite merrily.

Lining for War Vessels.—Lieut. Walton, of the British Navy, has prepared a mixture of sawdust and caoutchouc, under the name of kam-pluticon, as a lining for the interior of war vessels. The inventor claims that, from its elasticity, it will immediately collapse when penetrated by a ball, and thus prevent the entrance of water. It also deadens concussion, and by its buoyancy will keep a vessel afloat though it should be riddled with shot.

Children Bound for the West.—On Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 9th, a colony of young people left New York for the West, under the guardianship of the Rev. Mr. Vanmeter. The number of the little emigrants was about fifty, of both sexes, and varied in age from six years up to twelve and fourteen.—They were accompanied to the cars by Messrs. Macy, Mead, and C. C. Tracy, of the Newsboys' Lodging House, and had been fitted out for the West by the Five Points Ladies' Mission, the Childrens' Aid Society, and the Home for the Friendless.

A Noble Record.—In accordance with the annual custom, Messrs. Hovey & Co., the extensive dry goods dealers in Boston, divided nearly $7,000 among the employees of that establishment on the 1st instant. This amount is the surplus accruing over the sum fixed as the limit of the wishes of the firm.

Wooden Wheels for Passenger Cars.—The Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad Company have ordered wooden wheels for their passenger coaches. The peculiar style of wheel which they have contracted for is patented in England, and perhaps in this country also, but though in use for a long time over the water, it has not before been tried here.

The watering season at Saratoga Springs, this year, has proved quite profitable to the hotel keepers. At the leading establishments there were in all 20,171 visitors, and including the smaller concerns, the whole number would probably reach 30,000.

The California Vigilance Committee.—It is stated by persons from California, who have returned to Mississippi since the inauguration of the reign of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, that ex Governor Foote, formerly of that State, is the chief director and instigator of their movement.

Only One Church at Oberlin.—At Oberlin, Ohio, where the well known Oberlin College is located, there is at present but one church, and that an orthodox. The whole community, citizens and students between whom there is said to be the closest sympathy, form a congregation numbering, on an average, twenty five hundred persons. The Church has a membership of thirteen hundred persons.

A Remarkable Town.—In the town of Harrison, Westchester county, N. Y., consisting of a population of upwards of 2,000, it is said, there is no church, unless the dwelling like meeting house of the Quakers may be called one. The town has no minister, no lawyer, no doctor, and no drug store. What is perhaps better than all, it has no tavern or rum shop, having for years refused to grant a license.

A Missionary Schooner.—The Boston (Mass.) Journal says that Jotham Stetson has upon the stocks at Coelsea, a schooner built for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She is to be called the *Morning Star*, and will be engaged in carrying supplies and Missionaries to the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Her frame is already up, and it is expected she will be completed in time to double Cape Horn in January.

One of the Tricks of Burglars.—From a confession made by a rogue, now in jail at Hartford, Ct., for various burglaries recently committed in Farmington, it appears that one of the gang with whom he was connected, travelled through various towns selling polishing powders, with a view of ascertaining where silver plate was to be found. In visiting the dwellings, he was always quite bold in following the inmates to adjacent rooms, to test his powders upon silver spoons or plate. He made a memorandum of what he saw, in a book, noting particularly those houses where a dog was kept.

The French Emperor's illness is said to be a softening of the spinal marrow, producing at times a loss of his mental faculties, and the indulgence of the most extravagant hallucination. The mental and bodily exertions which he has made during the past few years, are said to be the cause of the recent aggravation of his old ailment.

Mr. White, a black, has won the prize for violin playing at the Conservatoire, at Paris.

A London editor says—"Experience shows that whether we have a good or bad harvest, we must have large supplies from abroad to insure moderate prices at home." The British consumer is now as much interested in the state of the crops on the banks of the Danube or on those of the Mississippi, as he is in those of his native country.

A Watery Grave.—A correspondent of the Evening Ledger of Monday week says:—Yesterday afternoon, an Irishman went down to Indian wharf, divested himself of his clothing, which he threw overboard, and then jumped into the water. He was soon pulled out, and when asked to give a reason for his proceedings, he said that he was bound for Ireland to rescue his countrymen. He was locked up to dry.

Jews in the Austrian Army.—According to the

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORG DORING.

We suddenly received from home the intelligence that my father had been taken seriously ill, and had expressed a wish that we should return. The necessity was so urgent, that delay was not to be thought of, and we started the very same hour. It was a sad journey we had to make. A few days before, it had thawed, and had then again frozen hard; now the snow fell in thick flakes, and the weather was piercingly cold. My anxiety about my father left me no rest, and Axinia longed earnestly to be at home, and beside the sick-bed. We determined to travel the night through; and we were the better enabled to do this, as towards evening it having ceased to snow, we expected a moonlight night, and our driver, Rosko, was well acquainted with the road. We were well furnished with furs, and also with provisions for our journey. Before the night came on, we had reached the wide-spreading forest which separated us from our native home, and which stretches away in the distance towards Lithuania, there to unite itself with the boundless forests of that country. The road we travelled was wide enough to receive, without hinderance, the complete light of the full moon; but the frequent rough places in it which had been caused by the sharp frost following immediately upon the thaw, checked our progress, and cost our horses the greatest exertion. A perfect stillness reigned around us, which was broken only by the trotting of the horses, and the heavy breathing of the lady's-maid, an old Frenchwoman, who had fallen asleep. My thoughts were by the bed of my sick father, and neither Axinia nor myself felt inclined to talk. It was just an hour before midnight, and nothing particular had happened on our lonely way, when suddenly the horses which drew our sleigh, began to show an unusual kind of uneasiness; they snorted and chafed, and without being urged by the whip, they galloped faster and faster. They were horses we had had for several years, and which could be induced to go out of their usual speed only by some very extraordinary cause. They appeared anxious and fearful, and often turned their heads round to look back, and then it always seemed as if some unknown power impelled them to renewed exertion. From these sudden dashings forward, their pace soon became so wild and irregular, that Rosko was obliged to use some restraint; to this they gave way, it is true, but not without resistance, and with an appearance of the greatest terror. Axinia was too deeply engaged in her own thoughts and feelings to pay any attention to the altered behaviour of the animals; but I, being used to them and their habits, felt agitated, and prepared as it were for some strange and wonderful occurrence; and old Rosko also appeared now to be seized with a certain uneasy feeling. He looked back several times quickly, and seemed to be listening; then he gave the horses the reins, so that they were free to go at their own speed, and off they sat at full gallop. I was so seated in the sleigh that by just turning my head my mouth was close to our driver's ear. "What is the matter, Rosko?" whispered I, so gently to him that it was impossible for Axinia to catch what I said. "You seem to be alarmed, and as if the uneasiness of the horses had communicated itself to you."

The old man considered for a moment, and then answered me in the same low tone, "I fear the wolves are upon our track; the cold has driven them out of the woods, and hunger makes them follow us; and if the speed of the horses does not save us, we are lost."

I have since then led the life of a soldier, and have beheld death in its most fearful forms; but never in the thick of the battle's roar, nor in front of a flaming battery, did I ever feel the terror and horror I felt at this moment. My first thought was my sister. I saw, in imagination, her delicate, lovely form torn by the teeth of the monsters; I saw them appease their hunger with sanguinary delight. I had often heard that these creatures pursued their prey with an obstinacy and a speed which made it impossible to escape from them. If our horses could hold out, we might be saved—but I felt sure that their strength would be exhausted before that of our pursuers, and that we should fall a sacrifice to them. I wore a hunting-knife by my side, and had also with me a rifle and a pair of pistols; but my provision of powder and ball was small, and could serve only to bring down some few of these savage animals, which I knew were accustomed to go out upon their nightly expeditions in flocks of several hundreds together. In the meantime, old Rosko drove the horses onward with unceasing speed; but it was not necessary to urge them much, for the acute instinct of the terrified beasts understood the approaching danger better than we. I felt an unceasing inclination to look back into the distance behind us, in order to listen, through the stillness of the night, for some sound that might confirm the horror of our fate.

Rosko saw and heard plainer than I. "They are coming—they are coming!" whispered he suddenly. "Don't you hear the rushing and panting? They look like a dark shadow as they come up out of the valley. It is a pack of more than a hundred."

I now saw what Rosko's quicker sight had already seen. With a strange gliding motion, an enormous black mass came nearer and nearer; it passed so quickly over the snow, that one could not exactly distinguish the manner of its motion, and it became evident that it would very soon overtake our horses, the strength of which was beginning to give way. Awful, horrible sounds broke through the stillness of the night. They seemed to be sent forth from the depth of the chest, and resembled sometimes a grunting noise, and sometimes the painful, hollow, but yet partly repressed yells of one in agony. Axinia still suspected nothing; nothing could arouse her from the thoughts of home which engaged her so deeply. I was not able, however, much longer to leave her in that happy unconsciousness of the danger which threatened us. I could already distinguish the separate groups of the eager monsters; already several had burst forward, out of the mass, and were within gunshot of our sleigh. I raised my gun, cocked it, and aimed at the foremost of the creatures. "Stoop down!" cried I, to Axinia, who had started up as if frightened out of a dream. She looked at me inquiringly, but it was evident from my actions that this was no time for questions. She instantly bent down her head and shoulders; my gun went off, and the foremost and largest of the animals fell to the earth. My shot had waked the lady's-maid, and she began to scream, thinking we were attacked by robbers.

"It is only the wolves," said Rosko, with astonishing coolness. "We are rid of one; but a hundred others will be our faithful companions until—" He said no more, for he did not wish the females to hear the worst. In the meantime, the horses, startled by the report of the gun, darted forward with renewed vigor, whilst the wolves made a stop to gather round the dead body of their companion.

"It will not last long," murmured Rosko to himself. "I know them; they will soon be close behind us again; and their perseverance will put the best horse to shame."

I now had an opportunity of seeing how great was Axinia's strength of mind. She spoke words of comfort to the weeping lady's-maid with perfect composure, and exhorted her to join her in prayer to Him whom will could instantaneously tame the wild beasts of the desert. She sank on her knees in the bottom of the sleigh, and beside her the lady's maid; but the latter was not capable of collecting her thoughts to pray, and she gave way to continual lamentations, and to repeated denunciations of the journey itself. By this time I had reloaded my rifle, and it lay against my shoulder in a state of readiness, whilst the horses were doing their best to escape from our pursuers. Then the rushing, snuffling, and panting drew nearer again; the dark mass came on with wonderful speed, and I soon perceived that a few of the creatures had outrun the others, and were approaching with their gaping jaws extended towards us. A second ball struck the most daring of them to the ground. I hoped by this again to gain time; I hoped that, favored by the frequent stopping of the beasts over their dead comrades, we might be able to gain the outside of the forest, and perhaps some human dwelling. But how vain were my calculations! This time they did not remain nearly so long with their dead companion as with the first; I had scarcely time to reload before they were after us again.

"It is all of no use," whispered Rosko to me; "the horses cannot last much longer, and then we are lost."

And it is true that by this time there was a visible decrease in the strength of our horses; their breathing became an anxious gasping, and their pace unsteady. They did their best, for they knew that the blood-thirsty destroyers were at our heels, and that only speed could save us; but their powers were becoming more and more exhausted. Often had one or other of them already fallen on its knees and then sprung up again with a desperate effort. We were, indeed, in a fearful situation; I trembled for Axinia's life, not for my own. My balls brought down a few more of our pursuers, but that no longer disturbed them in their chase. They were now close behind us; their heavy breathing was more distinctly heard. I could see their gaping jaws with the rows of frightful teeth, and their tongues hanging out; and I could see their savage, fiery eyes. And what a multitude was there of them! My last charge was expended, and I now possessed no means of defence against an attack of the furious animals, except my two pistols, which had not yet been fired off, my hunting-knife, and the butt end of my rifle. This Rosko had remarked.

"There is still one hope left," said he; "I remember to have seen on our way here an uninhabited hunter's hut, which cannot now be far off. If we can succeed in reaching it, we are safe for the present; if not, the wolves will tear us to pieces, and relieve their fierce hunger with our flesh. If it comes to that, sir," continued he with a trembling voice, "then—you have still the loaded pistols—then be compassionate, and give your sister a speedy death, that she may not die by inches under the teeth of the wolves!"

I stared in speechless silence at the old man; a tear ran down his cheek; without speaking, he looked at me, and nodded his head, as if by that means to add force to what he had said. Never shall I forget that moment! A shudder ran through my veins; I looked into the innocent face of my sister; I turned my eyes in desperation towards heaven; it seemed to me that deliverance ought to come, and must come, from above to that pure and pious being, who forgot all her earthly dangers in her resignation to the will of the Almighty. Then the panting and trampling came closer to us, and I saw that the foremost of the creatures had reached us, and that they seemed to be smelling our carriage, as if they wished first to see of what the freight consisted before they made the attack. With my left hand I seized the ready-cocked pistol, and with a searching glance I looked at the head of my sister, in order to select that part where death would reach her the surest and quickest. My right hand had mechanically drawn my hunting-knife. A veil of blood appeared to be drawn over my sight, and through the blood I beheld the praying Axinia, the hungry wolves, and the wide waste of snow. Then one of the creatures got nearer to our sleigh; it gave a frightful spring to clear its side, but my hunting-knife caught it in the flank as it sprang, and it fell dead before it reached us. Axinia had sunk in terror by the side of the lady's-maid, who had long since been cowering in the bottom of the sleigh.

"Well done!" cried Rosko to me, with all the spirit of a young man. "Spare your powder, and use your knife! I can see the hut now. Hold out only a little longer, and then we shall be secure." Then the bloody veil fell from before my eyes, and it became again light within me and around. Rosko flogged the horses unmercifully, and once more the faithful beasts made incredible exertions; it seemed as if they felt that this was the last piece of service they should ever render their masters, and were therefore willing to put forth their last strength. In the meantime, I had put the pistol in my breast-pocket, and stood upright, with the gunstock held up in my hand ready to strike. Whether it was that this threatening attitude made an impression on our pursuers, or whether the accelerated speed of our horses was the cause, I know not; but so it was that we began to leave the savage monsters a little behind, and we gained a slight, but in our situation invaluable, advantage over them. I looked around me. There stood the hut; the door was open; and Rosko gave a cry of joy, as with his powerful hand he drew up the horses, and then sprang from his seat, saying: "We are here—we are here! Quickly out, and into the hut; there's not a moment to be lost!" But already had Axinia, with wonderful energy, sprung out of the sleigh and into the hut; Rosko followed her, carrying the fainting lady's-maid; I was the last. As I was going in, the old man snatched the gun out of my hand, and rushed out again. I looked after him in astonishment; I saw that the wolves were coming up in enormous numbers, and I knew that they would be up with us in a minute or two. I called after him to come back, but his work was already done: with two cuts of the whip he had set the horses off again into a full gallop, and had got back again just as two of the savage beasts made a spring towards the hut. With two blows of the butt-end of the gun, he struck them both down, and then was by my side again; and just as the foremost of the pack reached the hut, and would have pressed in, we rushed to the strong oaken door, and bolted it with the iron bolt, which, providentially, we found still there.

I should in vain endeavor to describe the feelings I experienced at that moment. Many years have passed away since that time; I have gone through much that was calculated to try the soul; but never had I feelings equal to these. The purest joy at the deliverance of my sister took possession of me, and with it the feeling that I had sinned against the greatness and goodness of the Almighty. I felt the utmost contrition; I dared not speak to Axinia, whose confidence in heaven had never for one moment forsaken her, and who at this moment, and with a steady voice, was offering thanks for her merciful deliverance. The snuffling and rattling of the wolves at the door roused me from the train of thought into which I had fallen. Rosko had had the presence of mind, when he ran back to set the horses off, and thereby give them the chance of saving themselves, to snatch the lantern from the sleigh, and bring it with him into the hut. We now began to examine the interior, to see whether we were in safety; and as we did so, we heard the low growling of the wolves, which continued jumping against the door, and climbing up against the windows; but fortunately the windows were fastened with very strong shutters. Mud-walls surrounded us, and a bank of earth was built against one side; a little half-rotten straw lay in a corner, and by the side of it lay an invaluable treasure, a heap of firewood, sufficient, in all probability, to save us, during four-and-twenty hours, from the severity of the frost. The old servant lost not a moment in making use of the discovery. A most grateful fire soon flamed in the middle of the room, the smoke from which went upwards, and found an outlet at one of those openings in the roof which usually form the chimney in these hunters' huts. I now breathed more freely, and could look more calmly upon my sister, who had set down quietly upon the earthen bank, and was engaged in endeavoring to restore the fainting lady's-maid, whom Rosko had placed there when he carried her in. With the help of some spirits from Rosko's flask, she at last succeeded; and we all gathered round the fire, the beneficial effects of which soon gave us new life; and whilst we listened to the savage growling of our fearful enemies outside, we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped from them. The Frenchwoman, now that the paralyzing effect of the fear had left her, began to describe, with astonishing volubility, all she had suffered, and how she had expected every moment to see one of the monsters spring into the sleigh and swallow us all up. I sat holding Axinia's hand in mine, and an expression of unspeakable joy might be seen in the faces of us both. Old Rosko alone appeared unmoved at the favor which fate had shown us; he sat looking with gloomy thoughtfulness into the rising flames; his brow was knit, and from time to time he shook his head. Suddenly we now heard, resounding from a distance, so loud and heart-piercing a cry of pain, that we looked at each other in astonishment, and Axinia crept close to me, as if for safety. I had never heard a sound like it before: it could be the tones of no human being that pierced the air with so much strength, and I knew of no animal the cry of which it resembled. It soon ceased; but the piteous complaint, the heart-piercing distress of that tone, continued to sound in our ears. Rosko had gone uneasily towards the door, and was looking through a crack in it. It had now become stiller without, and it appeared to me that the growling and howling of the wolves no longer sounded so directly in our neighborhood. Old Rosko came back from the door, and he must have seen in the expression of my face an interrogation as to the shocking, unnatural tones we had heard.

"Poor Alexander! all is over with him! The young beast was full of courage and fire, and no doubt fought his blood-thirsty enemies bravely with his hoofs; but he was obliged to give way; the numbers were too great for him. Yes, sir," continued he, "that dreadful cry announced to us the death of your favorite horse. I have heard this tone, which pierces to the very soul, on the field of battle. It is peculiar to strong young horses, which part hardly with their life, and struggle with death to the last moment. I will lay any wager it went easier with Cynthia; she was weaker than Alexander, and older too. But this much is certain, that the poor animals have become a prey to the wolves, which are at this moment engaged in devouring them, and therefore leave us in peace. At this moment there are but few of them about the hut; the great mass are engaged in their horrid meal. They will soon return, however, more ravenously hungry and more blood-thirsty than ever; for this slight repast is sufficient only to stimulate their insatiable appetites.

The old man had spoken truly. We sat still, and as if waiting round the fire; and a few moments only had passed when we again heard the feet and the panting of the wolves close outside: then they came bursting against the door and the window-shutters; then the growling became louder; and we could find that, with newly excited rage, they were trying to climb up the door-posts and the mud-walls in order to get upon the roof. We were in the most anxious suspense. Our eyes were fixed on the opening in the roof just above us, through which, when a puff of wind parted the cloud of smoke which went up from our fire, the star-lit heavens looked brightly down upon us. A fresh column of smoke was just about to twirl upwards, when the lady's-maid uttered a loud shriek, and, pointing with her finger to the roof, fell speechless on the ground. A fearful sight was before us! Four wolves' heads, with bloody jaws, and their tongues hanging out, showing their white rows of savage teeth, were ranged round the edge of the opening, and looking down, with glowing eyes, into the flames beneath. Seen through the smoke as we saw them, they looked like demons. At this unexpected sight, only Rosko retained his presence of mind. He threw a fagot into the fire, saying: "We have nothing to fear from these four; they do not like fire; it dazzles them, and they will not be able to see us." But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave way under the fourth, and hung down within the cabin, whilst the creature endeavored in vain to cling to the rafters which kept breaking round it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

"Away from the fire!" cried old Rosko to the two females, who, terrified, fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: "Now shoot! Send a pistol-ball into the fellow's body: take a good aim—hit sure!"

He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature groaning with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the command of the old servant. I took a true aim, fired, and at the same instant the animal fell into the burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals, and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding, and rolling itself amongst the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of the gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down again each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, its limbs stretched out stiff from its body amongst the burning wood, which, being all wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko, who had always his wits about him, pulled it out of the fire, and dragged it into the furthest corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; "but the day, the day," added he, in a low tone of voice, "will bring us more of such customers than we shall be able to master."

These words had reached my ears only; Axinia and the Frenchwoman looked anxiously up at the roof, to see whether any fresh danger threatened us. I drew near to the old man, and led him far away from Axinia towards the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it; and then I asked him, in an under-voice, what were the fears he entertained for the day, as I had been in hopes that, when morning came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depths of the forest.

"And even if that were to be the case," said he gloomily, "of what use would it be to us? The horses are dead; and how is a weak, tender female, like Mademoiselle Axinia, to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavor, night would overtake us again, and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of the kind is vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack from above; indeed, I do not think another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by daylight the flames do not make so powerful an impression on them. We must summon all our courage and all our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will be of no use, of no use," added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—"of no use at all!"

I had placed my whole confidence on the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father; but now all my hopes were destroyed—now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain—and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare go near Axinia, lest she should guess, from the disturbed state I was in, what was the truth as to our fate; I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near. The hours passed anxiously and painfully by. Axinia had fallen asleep, and lay reposing like an angel of peace—like a child who knows nothing of the dangers which surround it. The lady's-maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions, had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she every now and then awoke in affright, raised herself up, and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again, seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her smile in her sleep, it pierced me to the heart; I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay on my breast from which I could not get free.—In the meantime, old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he had said about the wolves; not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening in the roof; but their scratching and scraping, and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backwards and forwards round the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time I should remember accurately every particular of what we then suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole lifetime, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what we had most to dread, I had longed for daylight to return; but now I could have wished that the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what should we have gained by it? Instead of being torn to pieces by the wolves, we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or at best have been frozen to death! I now felt without hope, and perfectly desolate.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flames of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on: the frightful howling of the wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her; but at one time I saw that her lips moved, and that she was speaking, and I drew nearer to understand what she said.

"Fear nothing, Casimir," said she, softly, as if in a sweet dream; "God is watching over us; a deliverer is nigh!"

I cannot describe the effect which these words had on me, and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calmed with regard to any future danger, and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed, in a cheering tone:

"Courage, faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food for the wolves; a deliverer is near."

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire, now grown pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which now clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened every moment to fall in upon us; and as we looked up, we beheld twenty pair of savage jaws wide open, thirsting for our blood, and longing eagerly to devour us. Axinia had not awaked; she slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith in our deliverance. I looked no longer at the savage growling forms above; I looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke, crying,

"He comes! we are saved!"

At that moment we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest; a loud halloo and the barking of dogs resounded through the air, and the trampling of horses' hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard our enemies scrambling down from the roof, we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried:

"We are saved!"

Rosko went and looked through the split in the door, and said:

"There is a wolf-hunt; the wolves have fled, and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood."

He threw the door wide open, and we went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy to see at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose house we had left when we started on our journey. How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting, or our thankfulness! We now related in hasty words the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that, shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his castle that a herd of wolves, from the boundless forests of Lithuania, had entered the forest through which we were to pass; that they had already committed great destruction and devastation, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood were prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled round him all those who were capable of taking part in a hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity desired to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These new-comers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning; but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking; and thus were we saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

A PICTURE.

But, oh! that deep, romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman's wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.

—*Coleridge's Kubla Khan.*

MILTON ON BOOKS.—I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a phial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature; God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

THE INWARD LAW.—The Roman orator, Cicero, says: "There is indeed a law, right reason, which is in accordance with nature; existing in all, unchangeable, eternal; commanding us to do what is right, forbidding us to do what is wrong. It has dominion over good men, but possesses no influence over bad ones. No other law can be substituted for it, no part of it can be taken away, nor can it be abrogated altogether. Neither the people or the Senate can absolve us from it. It wants no commentator or interpreter. It is not one thing at Rome, and another thing at Athens; one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow; but it is a law eternal and immutable for all nations and for all time. God, the sole ruler and universal Lord has framed and proclaimed this law. He who does not obey it, renounces himself, and is false to his own nature; he brings upon himself the direst tortures, even when he escapes human punishments."

☞ Punch says—"Matrimony should be a stereoscope, in which two hearts, though they may slightly differ, appear to the observer as one."

IMPROVED GAS STOVE.

By Starrett & Weir, Lowell, Mass.—This is a small portable apparatus, for family use, in which gas is economically and conveniently employed for fuel. In our engraving, a portion of the sides are taken away, in order to exhibit the construction.

The stove consists of two round bands of sheet metal, A and B, placed one within the other. C is a small pipe, receiving gas from any burner in the apartment by means of an elastic tube. The gas rises from the aperture at D, which is in the centre of band B, and strikes against the deflecting disk, E, which spreads it, and causes it to escape up between the edges of the disk, E, and the sides of B to the gauze, F, where combustion ensues. Disk E is perforated in its centre, said perforation being partly covered by another disk, G. A portion of the gas rises between disks E and G.

Bands B and C are both open at the bottom. When the gas escapes at D it mixes with the air. The object of the disks is to spread out the gas evenly, so that when it reaches the gauze an even and steady combustion will take place. We have tried this stove, says the Scientific American, and found it to operate well. When lighted, the surface of gauze, F, is covered by an even mass of blue flame, and a most intense heat is generated. H is a temporary rim resting on A, for supporting a tea-kettle. This stove is useful for a variety of purposes. When desirable, a baker may be placed upon it, and bread cooked in the most approved manner. Roasting, broiling, heating flat irons, &c., may be done with the utmost facility. Address the patentees for further information. Patented May 13th, 1856.

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

There are some few fruits not made in wax at all, nor in moulds, and yet of such a character as to add greatly to the appearance of a group or cluster. These are chiefly grapes and currants, and which are made with balls of glass, stalked, colored, and tied together. The bulbs of glass for the making of grapes are made white and purple, also both oval and round, and of various sizes, so that, in making a bunch of grapes, you may select the requisite variety of size. There are smaller round ones of the sizes for currants, and some of them have five or six white streaks around them; these are preferred by some persons to the others, and prevent the trouble of painting them, as afterwards described.

To Make Dark Grapes.—First choose three or four dozen colored bulbs from the smallest to the largest size. Next cut a corresponding number of wires for stalks, about two inches long each; these should be made of a thin wire covered with green silk, of such a size that it will readily enter the mouth or hole of the glass bulb. Melt some wax and color it purple with Prussian blue and lake, putting in more or less of the one or the other, according to the real color of the grape. These must be in the pipkin or saucepan not less than an inch in depth. Dip one end of one of the intended stalks into this melted wax, and insert it into the mouth of the glass bulb, and hold it there for a minute, till it is well fixed by the congealing of the wax. Fasten the whole in the same manner. Now take up each grape separately by the stalk, dip the bulb part wholly into the wax, take it out instantly and turn it up, so that the stalk shall be underneath, and consequently any drop of wax there may be will settle around the stalk, and not on the bulb itself. In a minute or so, the grape, having now a film of wax over its surface, will have all the semi-transparency of the real fruit. The whole being done in this way, tie them together in a natural manner by their stalks, observing to put the smallest grapes near to the bottom of the bunch. When tied together and naturally arranged, sprinkle slightly over them a little powder blue from a muslin bag. Finally, rub off with the finger some of this powder blue from the prominent parts, as if the grapes had been handled or rubbed in packing. The most natural way to do this is to roll them between the hands.

To Make White Grapes.—The only difference here is that the wax used both for fastening on the stalks and for dipping the bulbs into, is colored a light yellowish green, and when finished, the grapes are to be very slightly dusted over with arrowroot or hair-powder, or for some grapes no dusting is necessary.

To Make Currants.—There are ten or twelve currants in a bunch, and these are made of bulbs similar to those for grapes, except that sometimes they have white lines on them: these lines are not necessary, though for white or red currants they may be used, because these fruits have naturally upon them several streaks; but if currants are so transparent as to show these streaks, they should show also three or four oblong marks of the seeds. It is better, however, to use bulbs that are quite transparent. First, put short stalks to them of very fine green wire; dip them, for white currants, into wax slightly tinged yellow; for red currants and black currants, the same. The white will require no painting, the red and black must be colored with carmine, or with a dark purple, as their natural tint requires; then, for the end opposite to the stalk, and where the flower has been, put a spot of black paint, or a minute bunch of black or brown wool; let them next be arranged loosely into a bunch, and finally varnished.

General Observations on Casting Wax.—The wax may be, and often is, congealed around the hole as well as the sides; in this case it is evident that the hole must be cleared before the liquid within can escape; it is scarcely worth while to pour any out of a cherry, raspberry, mulberry, or other similarly small object. In casting a large object through a hole, there should only be a small quantity of wax allowed to congeal first; in a few minutes a second coat may be poured in, and afterwards a third; this method will prevent cracking. The object of the water to soak the mould in at first and between each casting is to prevent the wax and mould sticking together; and the reason hot water is preferred is that it may not congeal the wax too rapidly. In a mould which is too cold, the wax will often settle in ridges or streaks. The mould, when filled or partly filled, as the case may be, is, after such filling, plunged and turned about in cold water, merely to hasten the congealing of it. Wax should be melted always by a very slow and gentle heat—the heat of boiling water is always sufficient; thus a common glue pot is an excellent thing to melt it in.—This is to be attended to for two reasons—one because if too hot, it will be apt to adhere to the mould, and also, because when any color has been mixed with it, this color becomes darker, especially when there is chrome yellow in it; this turns by heat dark olive. If great toughness is required in a wax cast or mould, one ounce of yellow resin, or, still better, of Canada balsam, is to be added to every pound of wax. Wax moulds for plaster casting, or the electrotype, should have the above, and also one-fourth its weight of flake white and red lead, mixed together previous to melting. Modelling-wax, and that used for wax dolls, hair-dressers' blocks, &c., are colored with flake white and vermilion, the latter in very small quantity. Wax is sometimes adulterated with white lead, tallow, suet, potato starch, or resin. When wax is bought, it is proper to break each cake, for it is not unfrequently the case that some impurities are in the centre, the outside only being good.

Elastic Moulds.—The body to be moulded, previously oiled, must be secured one inch above the surface of a board, and then surrounded by a wall of clay, about an inch distant from its sides. The clay must also extend rather higher than the contained body; into this, warm melted glue, as thick as possible, so that it will run, is to be poured, so as to completely cover the body to be moulded; the glue is to remain till cold, when it will have set in an elastic mass, just such as is required. Having removed the clay, good glue is to be cut in as many pieces as may be necessary for its removal, either by a sharp pointed knife, or by having placed threads in the requisite situation of the body to be moulded, which may be drawn away when the glue is set, so as to cut it out in any direction. The portions of the glue mould having been removed from the original, are to be placed together and bound round by tape. In some instances it is well to run small wooden pegs through the portions of the glue, so as to keep them exactly in their proper positions. If the mould be of considerable size, it is better to let it be bound with moderate tightness upon a board, to prevent its bending whilst in use; having done as above described, the wax is to be poured into the mould, and left to set. The wax must not be poured in whilst too hot, as it cools so rapidly, when applied to the cold glue, that the sharpness of the impression is not injured. When the moulds are not used soon after being made, treacle should be previously mixed with the glue, to prevent its becoming hard. The description thus given is with reference to casting those bodies which cannot be so well done by any other than an elastic mould; but glue moulds will be found greatly to facilitate casting in many departments, as a mould may be frequently taken by this method in two or three pieces, which would, on any other principle, require many.

Wax, to Obtain and Prepare.—The wax should be put in a moderately fine hair bag, well tied up, and be boiled briskly in a clean saucepan or large pipkin, with sufficient water to well cover the bag, and half-an ounce of aquafortis to each quart of water; a weight should be placed upon the bag to keep it down. As the wax rises to the top of the water, it is to be skimmed off with a spoon, and be put into a pan, and when no more rises, the bag must be pressed by having a flat board and a heavy weight placed on it to squeeze out any wax that may remain. The wax so obtained should be re-boiled in fresh water, and treated the same way as before, and even a third boiling may be necessary in order to have it quite pure; after the last boiling, it is to be poured into moulds to form cakes. The quantity of aquafortis at the second boiling may be reduced one-half; and if it is boiled a third time, it may still further be reduced to the same extent. If wanted white, it is bleached.

Wax, to Whiten.—The process of bleaching wax, in order to give it that beautiful whiteness which it has in commerce, is effected generally by chemical means; but it may be bleached in smaller quantities as follows: Take the best and cleanest beeswax you can obtain; melt it in hot water; skim it off into a cup or basin, previously oiled; when quite cold, cut the wax into thin slices; expose these to the action of the sun and air, upon white dishes, sprinkling it—unless there be rain—once or twice a day with clean water; at the end of a week melt the wax again, and proceed as before. In hot weather the wax may be floated on water in the middle of the day, as it is best not to allow it to melt.

To Clean a Brush that has been in turpentine, wash it with hot water and soap; and if it has been used in varnish, cleanse it first in spirits of wine for spirit varnish, and turpentine for oil varnish, such as copal, mastic, &c. These are called oil varnishes, although made with turpentine.

Wax, to Remove from a Dress.—It not unfrequently happens that, when wax is melted, some is spilt on the dress; it may be removed as follows: Toast the crumb of a small piece of bread, and while hot apply it to the droppings of wax, a portion of which it will absorb and take up, and by repeating this process, the whole wax will be gradually removed.

MOUNTING THE CAMEL.—The camel, as everybody knows, kneels to receive his load and his rider, and the burden he can rise with is said to be the measure of what he is able to carry. The Bedouins often climb to the saddle, without bringing the camel to his knees or even stopping him, by putting one foot on the callous of the knee, and so clambering up by the neck and shoulder, but I recommend no such experiments to you. You will find mounting in the ordinary way ticklish enough in the beginning, and you run considerable risk at first of going off by a very illogical *a priori* or *a posteriori* movement as the animal rises. It is a "bad eminence" to fall from, and until you have had considerable practice in this sort of slack-rope performance, it is good to hold fast by the saddle-pins both fore and aft, while the dromedary is unfolding his joints, and working his traverse upwards. Further, see that your attendant keeps one foot on your camel's knee until you are well positioned and balanced; for he is apt to start up on feeling the weight of his rider; and in this case you may very likely go up on one side and come down on the other. When all is ready, you give the signal, your Arab releases the camel, a sudden jerk from behind pitches you upon the pommel as he raises his haunches (for, as we told you before, he comes up stern foremost), and then a swell from the stem throws you aft, and so on, zigzag, until he is fairly up, when, after a little more rolling, while he is poising and steadying, backing and filling, and getting his feet into marching order, he steps off, and you are at last under way, on your quest for Mesopotamia, Arabia Petræa, or the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.—*George P. Marsh.*

A LITTLE ROMANCE.—One evening lately, two children, apparently boys thirteen and fourteen years old, tired and weary with walking, entered the Greyhound Hotel, Bath, England, stating that they wished to remain there for the night. The landlord, naturally enough, was surprised by the appearance of his guests, and suspecting that they had "run away," as the phrase is, questioned them closely, not to say sharply. The elder boy said little, but the younger told him, with great spirit, to mind his own business, more than hinting that his conduct was impertinent. Unable to succeed himself, he took the elder boy to the police station, thinking to terrify him into a confession. The inspector on duty, however, with a more accurate knowledge of human nature, attempted to conquer by kindness, and succeeded. He desired to go to sea, he said, and his companion, his younger sister, had dressed herself in his clothes, and cut her hair short, in order to accompany him to Bristol, where he hoped to be taken as a cabin boy by some good-natured captain. All the money which they possessed was eighteen pence, but neither want of cash or distance had been able to overcome the boy's determination or the sister's affection. The next morning the story was confirmed by the arrival of a servant in livery in search of them, and he was heartily glad to find them, having, he said, broken do three horses in pursuing them in other directions. They had walked from Road, near Frome, who their father, an inspector of factories, resides. The little girl, we are told, acted like a little hero, playing the part of a boy, to the admiration of all saw her.

☞ Applause is the spur of able minds, the and aim of weak ones.

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.

FROM PROF. AYTOUN'S "BOTHWELL."

I heard a sermon long ago,
Wherein the preacher strove to show
That guiltiness in high or low
Hath the like touch of fear;
And that the knight who sallies forth
Bent on an action of enworth,
Though he be duke or belted earl,
Feels the same tremor as the churl
Who steals his neighbor's gear.
I held his words for idle talk,
And cast them from my view;
But in that awful midnight walk,
I felt the man spake true.

I heard the echo of my foot
As up the Canongate I sped,
Distinct, as though in close pursuit
Some spy kept even with my tread;
Or did I run, or did I pause,
The sound was ever bickering near;
And though I guessed full well the cause
I could not free myself from fear.
I almost stumbled in the dark
Upon a houseless, vagrant hound,
And his sharp snarl and sudden bark,
Made my heart leap and pulses bound.
Wherever there were lights on high,
Methought there stood some watcher pale;
Long shadows seemed to flitter by,
I heard low voices mourn and wail.
And I could swear that once I saw
A phantom gliding by the place
Where then I stood. I shook with awe—
The face was like my mother's face,
When last I saw her on that bier!
Are there such things? or does the dread
Of coming evil craze our fear,
And so bring up the sheeted dead?
I cannot tell. But this I know,
That rather than endure again
Such hideous thoughts, I'd fight the foe,
And reckon with them blow for blow,
Though I were one and they were ten!

I passed beyond the city wall;
No light there was in hut or hield,
I scarce could find the narrow lane
That led me to the Kirk-of-Field;
Three men were speeding from the door;
They ran against me in the way—
"Who's that?" "'Tis I." Lord Bothwell? Back,
Back, back, my Lord! make no delay!
The doors are locked, the match is fired—
A moment more, and all is done—
Let's void the ground! "He sleeps, then, sound?"
"Within that house shall waken none!"
Shortly we passed; I strained my sight
To trace the outline of the pile;
But neither moon nor stars gave light,
And so we waited for awhile.

Down came the rain with steady pour,
It splashed the pools among our feet;
Each minute seemed in length an hour,
As each went by yet uncomplete.
"Hell! should it fail, our plot is vain!
Bolton—you have misled the light!
Give me the key—I'll fire the train,
Though I be partner of his flight!"
"Stay, stay, my lord! you shall not go!
'Twere madness now to near the place:
The soldiers' fuses burn but slow;
Abide, abide a little space!
There' time enough."
He said no more,
For at the instant flashed the glare,
And with a hoarse, infernal roar,
A blaze went up and filled the air!
Rafters and stones, and bodies rose
In one quick gush of blinding flame,
And down, and down, amidst the dark,
Hurtling on every side they came.
Surely the devil tarried near,
To make the blast more fierce and fell,
For never pealed on human ear
So dreadful and so dire a knell.
The heavens took up the earth's dismay,
The thunder bellowed overhead;
Sleep called to sleep. Away, away!—
Then fear fell on me, and I fled,
For I was dazzled and amazed—
A fire was flashing in my brain—
I hasted like a creature crazed,
Who strives to overrun his pain.
I took the least frequented road,
But even there arose a hum;
Lights showed in every vile abode,
And far away I heard the drum.
Roused was the city, late so still
Burghers half clad ran hurrying by.
Old crones came forth and scolded shrill,
Men shouted challenge and reply,
Yet no one dared to cross my path,
My hand was on my dagger's hilt;
Fear is as terrible as wrath,
And vengeance not more fierce than guilt.
I would have stricken to the heart
Whoever should have stopped me then;
None saw me from the palace part,
None saw me enter it again.
Ah! but I heard a whisper pass,
It thrilled me as I reached the door—
"Welcome to thee, the Knight that was,
The falcon now forevermore!"

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE CROW INDIANS.

FROM BECKWOURTH'S ADVENTURES.

The story Beckwourth tells of his "little wife," as he terms her, is very interesting in not only displaying a naturally noble nature in an untutored Indian girl, but also from its developing some curious ceremonies and customs. Beckwourth, as a Crow, starting out on his first war expedition, is introduced into all the mysteries and ceremonies peculiar to the tribe when its warriors are about to engage in a desperate enterprise. Among other things, the mess of which he was a member, numbering ten warriors, formed a circle, upon which questions were propounded to each, in relation to every illicit action they were guilty of since they last went on the war-path. The parties are religiously committed to give categorical answers to every question put; a full confession, no matter whom they might implicate—all is exposed, together with the name of the faithless "lady" accomplice, even to the date of the occurrence. All the *delicate secrets* thus divulged are received by the *medicine men*, and noted down in the medicine lodge in a way that it is never erased while the guilty confessor lives. Every warrior, at this initiation, is conjured by the most solemn oaths never to divulge the *war-path secrets* to any woman on pain of instant death. He swears by his gun, his pipe, knife, earth, and sun, which are the most sacred of oaths to the Indian, and are ever strictly observed. It may readily be supposed, that among a people not over-nice in morals, these "confessionals" implicate not a few of the gentle sex. With this knowledge in the reader's mind, the eventful triumph of the "little wife" will be more fully appreciated. The artless manner of her introduction in the autobiography at once excites attention.

ANOTHER "LITTLE WIFE."

"A little girl, who had often asked me to marry her, came to me one day, and with every importunity, insisted on my accepting her as my wife. I said—

"'You are a very pretty girl, but you are but a child; when you are older, I will talk to you about it.'

"But she was not to be put off.

"'You are a great brave,' she replied, 'and braves have a right to paint the faces of their wives when they have killed the enemies of the Crows. I am a little girl, now, I know, but if I am your wife, you will paint my face when you return from the war, and I shall be proud that I am the wife of a great brave, and can rejoice with the other women whose faces are painted by their brave husbands. You will also give me fine things, fine clothes, and scarlet cloth; and I can make you pretty leggins and moccasins, and take care of your war-horses and war implements.'

"The little innocent used such powerful appeals, that, notwithstanding I had already seven wives, and a lodge for each, I told her she might be my wife. I took her to the lodge of one of my married sisters, told her that the little girl was my wife, and that she would make her a good wood-carrier, and that she must dress her up finely as became the spouse of a brave. My sister was much pleased, and cheerfully carried out all my requests.

"One day I took a fancy to hunt mountain sheep, and for company, took my little wife with me. She was particularly intelligent, and I found by her conversation that she surpassed my other wives in sense. She was full of talk, and asked all manner of questions concerning my travels among the great lodges and villages of the white man; of the white squaws were as pretty as herself; and an endless variety of questions. I felt greatly pleased with her piquant curiosity, and imparted much information to her. Fixing her deep black eyes full upon mine, she at length said—

"'I intend, some time in my life, to go into the medicine lodge.'

"I looked at her with astonishment. The dedication of a female to the service of the Great Spirit, is a dangerous attempt. Like all forms of imposture, it requires a peculiar talent and fitness in the candidate who seeks to gain admission into the sacred lodge. The war-path secret is associated with the ministration, with many other fearful ceremonies. The woman who succeeds in her ambitious project is an honored participant in the sacred service of the Deity through life; but where one succeeds numbers fail, and the failure entails instant death.

"Toree years subsequent to this conversation, the Crow nation assembled together for the annual festival to go through the solemn ceremony of erecting a "tabernacle," capable of holding seven or eight hundred persons, for the medicine men, prophets, and dreamers, to prophesy and hold their deliberations in. These lodges are erected every year—the first moon in May; the whole tribe is assembled at the festival, and the ceremonies are continued seven days. When the lodge is completed, the medicine men and other functionaries call together the most distinguished braves within the building for a rehearsal of their achievements and an enumeration of their most noteworthy deeds. Each brave then gives an account of his exploit thus:—

"'I have killed one or more Cheyennes (as the case may be) on such a day, in such a place, and took such and such spoils. You know it, Crows.'

"The medicine chief then exhibits his mark, pronounces the warrior's statement correct, and confirms it by his record. This ratification each warrior passes through, and there is seldom any discrepancy between the statement and the record.

"This examination and other appropriate ceremonies being gone through with, the lodge is then prepared for the medicine men, prophets, and dreamers to perform the ceremony of initiating a virtuous woman. The members of the conclave endure a total abstinence from food and water for seven days previous to the ceremony, unless any one faints from exhaustion, in which case some slight nourishment is afforded him. The warriors are then drawn up in two lines, 'inward face,' a few feet apart, and the female candidate for 'holy orders' presents herself at the lodge door. She harangues them when she first presents herself, and then marches between the extended lines of the dusky warriors. Here is the fearful ordeal. If she has ever been guilty of the slightest improper action, her declaration of innocence is refuted by a dozen voices, a thousand bullets riddle her body in a moment, and her flesh is hacked into morsels.

"This is the fearful war-path secret. It will be remembered that my 'little wife' had resolved to dedicate herself to this service; when only a child she had determined upon entering the medicine lodge. On this occasion she was a candidate for admission. She came to me to be dressed for the ceremony; she was robed in her best attire, and I painted her as the custom prescribes.

"The warriors were in line, and the sanhedrim in readiness. The herald announced that Nom-ne-ditchee, (The One that Strikes Three,) wife of the head chief, 'Medicine Calf,' (Beckwourth,) offered herself for election. Intense excitement prevailed through the assembly as her name was pronounced, and re-echoed through the lines of the warriors. She presents herself at the door of the lodge, and calmly meets the concentrated gaze of thousands. A breathless silence prevails.

ENTERING THE "MEDICINE LODGE."

"She commences her address. 'Can it be said that there are no virtuous women among the Crows? Can it be true that our medicine men cannot make medicine, nor our prophets prophecy, nor our dreamers dream, because so few of you are virtuous? Oh, women! it is shameful to be so faithless. Our nation is disgraced because of your conduct, and the Crows will soon cease to be a people. The Great Spirit is angry with you, and has brought disgrace upon our warriors on account of your evil practices. Our prairies will become wastes like yourselves, producing no good thing; and our buffalo will bellow at you, and leave the hunting-grounds of the Crows, and go to the country of a more virtuous people.'

"Then addressing the warriors, she continued—

"'Warriors! I have this day volunteered to carry the sand, the wood, and the elk-chips into the lodge. You are brave warriors, and I hope your tongues are not crooked. I have seen our women attempt to do it, and they have been cut to pieces. I am now about to try it myself. Before I start for the materials at the other end of your extended lines, if there be a warrior, or any other man under the sun, who knows anything wrong in me, or injurious to my virtue, let him speak. I, too, am ready to go to the Spirit Land, for there is One there who knows me innocent of the bad deeds which disgrace the women of our country.'

"She then passed with a firm step between the lines of the breathless warriors to the sand. Taking the bowl, she dipped a small quantity, and returned with it to the lodge, and then made two other trips for the wood and elk-chips. Returning for the third time, she received the vociferations of the ten thousand braves assembled to witness the ceremony; she had passed the fiery ordeal in safety, and gone triumphantly into the lodge of the Great Spirit.

"The functionaries came forth to meet her, and passed their hands over her head, shoulders, and arms, extolling her to the skies, and proclaiming that there was one virtuous woman in the Crow nation. She was then presented with my medicine-shield by the great medicine chief, to preserve and carry for me, no one but myself having authority to take it from her. She became, from this time, the distinguished woman of the nation, the pride of the warriors, and the honor of the people."

In 1856, Beckwourth's son, whose mother was this noble woman, was chief of the Crow nation. In concluding his story of her entering the medicine lodge, he very justly says, "She was a girl of superior endowments, and if they had been fostered by a Christian education, I know of no woman who would surpass her in worth, elegance, and attainments."

POETS AND BEER.—The house in which Moore was born is now a whiskey shop; Burn's native cottage is a public house; Shelley's house, at Great Marlow, a beer shop; the spot where Scott was born is occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," is now an ordinary beer house. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years at Sheffield is a beer shop.

☞ "What is the matter with you, Jack?" "Why, there's a new girl come out, with twenty thousand a year, and I went yesterday, and engaged myself to Fanny, who has only fifteen thousand."

☞ Oliver Wendell Holmes quaintly remarks, that we like new forms of the poetical element, even if they resemble the old; as the birth of a child is always a charming novelty, although Cain was the only really venerable and truly original baby.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

The eldest child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, whose portrait is given above, was born on the 21st of November, 1840, and is now therefore nearly sixteen years of age. It is supposed that in the course of the ensuing year, she will be married to Prince Frederic William of Prussia. Prince Frederic William is the eldest son of the Prince of Prussia, the King's brother, and of Augusta, daughter of the late Grand Duke Charles Frederic of Saxe Weimar. He is now in his twenty-fifth year. The greatest care has been bestowed upon his education, so as to render him fit to fulfil the duties of the high position he is destined one day to occupy. The match is pleasing to the English people, on account of its making a bond of union between Great Britain and Prussia—the two great bulwarks of Protestantism in Europe.

FOUR GREAT MEN.—It is a remarkable fact, that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of our God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth; was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called *great*—these four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile.

A SOLDIER'S HONOR.—In an old newspaper, printed soon after the close of the Revolution, we find the following singular anecdote.

During the march of a detachment of the American army, through New Jersey, in the late war, a silver spoon was found missing in a house where a party of troops had billeted. Suspicion pitched on a soldier who was seen to have entered the apartment where spoons were kept, and he was accused of the theft.

"May I never meet salvation!" exclaimed the soldier, "may I be sunk into the endless regions of perdition, if I have seen, heard of, or taken your spoon!"

"But no one else could have taken it," replied the host.

The soldier again went through his manual of attestations of innocence, and imprecations against himself if he was guilty. The landlord looked astonished, and being an honest man, was obliged to believe the soldier. But just on the point of leaving off the examination—he, taking hold of the soldier's coat and looking him full in the face, said:

"Now say upon your honor that you have not got my spoon, and I will be satisfied."

"Upon my honor," said the soldier to himself, after thinking a few minutes. "Upon my honor! Poh! blast you," he cried, pulling the spoon from his pocket, and giving it to its owner, "blast your spoon—take your spoon and be d—d!"

The host started, surprised; and while lamenting that the great principles of religion and morality should have less weight in the mind of an intelligent being than the principles of what he conceived to be a mere sound, the soldier swung his knapsack and marched off."

FEMALE WIT.—One of the choicest examples of female cunning is to be found in the following extract from Cavanagh's "Woman in France during the Last Century"—"Madame de Prie felt it necessary that she should convince her lover of her great talents, so that she might become indispensable to him as minister as well as mistress—the general ambition of the French favorites of the eighteenth century. She adopted the following stratagem, well calculated to fill her purpose. Every financial project destined to be submitted to the prince was first secretly concerted between his mistress and her agents. The compliant financiers purposely left in their written plans many errors, with which they took care to acquaint Madame de Prie. These errors passed undetected by the Duke of Bourbon, whose talents were by no means first-rate. Madame de Prie of course discovered and rectified them at once. The brothers Paris uttered well-feigned exclamations of admiration, recognized the profound judgment of Madame la Marquise, and hastened to adopt her suggestions as the wisest which could possibly have been made. The Duke, amazed at the extraordinary intelligence of his clever mistress, congratulated himself on being able to receive her assistance."

☞ ONE CONSOLATION.—It is so far fortunate that the gentlemen's fashions do not keep pace with the ladies': or else, by this time, their hats would have dwindled down to the size of a charity-boy's muffin-cap, and their trowsers would have swollen out to about double the size of those of a Turk and Dutchman stitched together!—*Punch*.

THE LAST STRAW.—"It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back" is a trite and common expression, and how often it is seen exemplified in all the walks of life.

"Why, what have I said to make you feel so bad?" exclaimed a husband, on seeing the tear-filled eyes of his wife at some trifling reproof.

"Nothing," she said, striving to smile, and wiping the tears away—"but it was the last straw, that fretful exclamation, though the husband did not know it—the trial too many that had made her sensitive heart run over. A neighbor had complained to her in the morning. A letter had borne her bad news at noon. A wilful child had tried her patience and her temper almost beyond endurance, a dozen things had occurred, trivial in themselves but swelling to an aggregate that was almost overwhelming, and now when she needed comfort and sympathy so much, to hear one little word unkindly spoken by the one she loved best, it overcame her, and she suffered her anguish all over again.

Ah! how little we know sometimes of the trials endured with stinging nerves and aching brain, when we thoughtlessly give vent to our feelings in impatient words or actions, thus laying on the burdened soul the one straw that breaks it down utterly. How cautious should we be in our intercourse with those who have many cares and many trials that we wot not of and never may—to maintain a kindly, gentle demeaner and to conquer our irritable passions that our lots of unkindness may not swell the sorrows under which they bend!

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

RETRIBUTION AND COMPENSATION.

Did woman's charms beguile thy youth,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

Live! 'Twas a false, bewildering fire;
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart!

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove,
Thy youth, thine age shall yet be blessed
In woman's love.
—*Montgomery.*

It is not our intention to accompany Vivia and Theodora to Europe, or to detail the incidents of their residence there; but, after giving a rapid and condensed account of those painful circumstances that befell some of the nearest friends they had in New York—to pass immediately to the day of their return.

It was not to be expected that a marriage such as the one between Austin and Helen, the result of intrigue on the one side and transient passion on the other, should prove happy in the end. Such never are so; when the short lived infatuation that effected the false conjunction dies out, the factitious union either drags on through long, weary years of ill-concealed indifference and forced complaisance, or worse—of mutual dislike and incessant bickerings—or *worst*, suddenly and prematurely breaks in some storm of guilt and sorrow.

And thus it proved in the case of Austin and Helen. Austin—long since recovered from the hallucination of the heart under which he had married Helen—and fully conscious now of the arts by which she had divided him from his first love, and tempted him to her own fatal embrace—yet strove to make the best of his miserable mistake, and to act conscientiously in the trying circumstances. He sought to excuse Helen's conduct, upon the grounds of her affection for him, and as he felt that he could not give her his heart, he gave her all things else that *her* heart desired. His fortune, his will, his personal presence and devotions were always at her commands, that is, when he did not *anticipate* them.

Helen hated the country and adored the city. Therefore the country house was closed, the plantation left in sole charge of the overseer, and an elegant mansion in a fashionable street was purchased in New York, where they took up their permanent residence. Helen disliked domestic life and doted on society. Therefore the house was superbly fitted up for the entertainment of company, and always full, *except* upon those occasions when the hostess sought the world without. Helen despised her democratic fellow citizens and worshiped the foreign aristocracy and the travelled Americans, who were supposed to bring home a certain polish from perhaps having been rubbed up against the gold-laced coats of courtiers in some King's crowded ante-chamber. Therefore her saloon was the resort of all the *soi disant* German barons, French counts, as well as travel-finished exquisites and moustachioed nondescripts, their satellites and admirers who followed in their train.

And thus, while Austin, when not in attendance upon his wife, was buried in his library, or out upon his long and solitary country rides, Helen, notwithstanding her married state, became the reigning belle of —— Avenue. Yet could not all the so-called pleasures, excitements and triumphs of society satisfy the ardent, craving heart of this poor woman. For some months after her marriage she had been intensely happy. The love, vanity and ambition that had conspired to instigate her to tempt and enslave the fancy of Austin had been gratified to the utmost, and she had lived for a while in an intoxicating dream! There was then a gradual awakening; but that awakening brought with it no resignation to the loss of that delicious dream! That "happy madness" had passed away, but it left a memory that rendered every other pleasure in life uninteresting to her. Her high-strung organization required the enthusiasm, the excitement of some "grand passion"—it need not have been *love*—had there been anything in her life to call out zeal, courage, active self-devotion, in a word—*melo-dramatic heroism*—Helen could have been a heroine, could have risked or cast away her young life in any glorious achievement, could have done anything except live on and in a monotonous and wearying round of so-called pleasures that, after their first novelty was passed, became "flat, stale and unprofitable" to an insufferable degree. Helen had not the womanly heroism of self-control and calm endurance—nor the christian heroism of philanthropy; and as there was nothing in her days upon which to expend the fire of her soul, its suppressed burning consumed her heart.

It was at this imminent period in her experience that a newly-arrived, and reputedly distinguished foreigner, Comte Albert De Ville, was presented to her. I shall pass hastily over the miserable results of that acquaintanceship. De Ville possessed a handsome person, an accomplished mind, and an insinuating address. He had easily entered the uppermost circle of fashionable life, and as easily obtained the *entre* to the saloon of Mrs. Malmaison. He sought to fascinate his beautiful hostess, and succeeded in pleasing her. The "innocent" flirtation was, on Helen's part, entered upon unconsciously, and pursued thoughtlessly, until her interest begun to be excited, and then—we know not, but may partly guess what must have been the throes and struggles of that erring heart before it fell into sin. Helen was too beautiful and too impassioned to enact with safety to herself, her attempted role of "married flirt." Now while I do not wish to palliate the sinfulness of Helen's conduct, I do intend to remind you that there is much to be remembered in mercy to her. She was from earliest infancy motherless, she was sisterless, brotherless, and if not a neglected, she was assuredly an *unlored and childless wife*. Could she have remembered her mother's face or her mother's prayers, that remembrance might have saved her! or, failing that and *all things else*—had she herself been a mother, had she borne but one little child, that child would have been her protection. Yes! though she had only borne it to lay it in its grave, the memory of that child would have been her salvation! Alas! that none of these saving influences were for her! Though at this world's bar, man may not take these things into consideration in condemning her, yet at Heaven's Tribunal it may be that the Lord will in judging her.

However this might be, to make the sad story short, one miserable evening Helen went out to a party, and returned home no more.

And the next day the whole city was agog with the last story of a great scandal in high life. The reporters of the press ferretted out all the particulars of the case, and in their desire to cater to the morbid craving of their readers, suppressed no circumstance in that story of sin.

Austin, wrapped as with a garment of fire in the burning shame that had fallen upon him, fled the scene of his dishonor; but he fled as the avenger flies, to pursue and to punish.

He followed the guilty pair to Europe, and for many months, during which he visited the principal cities there, he was lost to the knowledge of his friends. But, pursuing a fugitive couple in Europe, must be very like the old housewife's proverb of hunting a needle in a hay-rick.

Austin found no certain clue to their retreat.

At the end of fourteen months, he returned to New York. And the week after his arrival, chancing to be in the reading-room of the Astor House, he picked up the Herald, and in that *omnium gatherem* of the whole world's gossip, he found news of those whom for more than a year he had vainly sought through Europe. It was comprised in a short paragraph in the letter of the Paris correspondent, and was as follows:—

"The beautiful Mrs. M——n, whose elopement with the Comte De Ville, some time ago, caused such an excitement in the uppertendom of your city, died recently in the Rue St. Catherine, here, in great destitution."

That was all!

Austin's first experience on reading this, was one of deep compassion, mingled with inexpressible relief.

As in a panorama, he saw the whole untold history of the last year—her short-lived passion, or rather insanity, her swift recovery of moral sense, her terrible remorse, driving her from the presence of her companion in sin, her insufferable humiliation compelling her to hide her head in deep obscurity, the accumulated wretchedness of mind, body, and surrounding circumstances that, like the merciless action of "some mighty torture engine's whole force," swiftly destroyed her life!

All this passed rapidly with the distinctness of living pictures, and the assuredness of revelation before his mind's eye; and mingled, as I said, with the deep compassion that caused his heart to bleed was a feeling of unspeakable relief. She was gone—she could sin no longer, suffer no more on this earth—"Never more on her should sorrow light, or shame." And this was well—well!

Austin's next idea was to re-cross the ocean, to obtain fuller and more reliable information of the circumstances attending her death. It is true that he need not for this purpose have made another voyage; he might have written to some one of his numerous friends in Paris to investigate and ascertain all that he wished to know; but apart from the unconquerable repugnance he felt to naming the subject of his sorrow, or reviving the memory of the miserable woman in the bosom of any friend, was that excessive restlessness of soul, that irresistible necessity for motion, change, distraction, something to disintegrate and dissipate the heavy burning weight of grief and shame that lay within his heart.

Therefore, by the next outward-bound steamer, he sailed once more for the shores of Europe. He landed at Havre, posted to Paris, went to the Rue St. Catherine, to the obscure house where she had lodged, and to the room where she had died—

"Of a *maladie-sans maladie*," as the conceirge informed him. Then he sought out the physician who had attended her, and whose report of her illness—"a low, nervous fever, in which the mind was primarily affected," corroborated all his own secret previsions. Then he visited the *Cimetiere d' l'Hopital*, and gazed upon the humble grave that charity had given her.

That was all. Her personal effects had been swallowed up by her necessities. She had left no papers of any description, expressed no feeling, given no information, sent no message. She was not one, indeed, from whom a death-bed confession was to be expected. She had too much pride, and upon occasion, too much secretiveness for that. She was one "to die and make no sign."

Without meeting a single friend or acquaintance, Austin left Paris as swiftly and secretly as he came, embarked upon the first homeward-bound steamer and returned to New York.

Experiencing still the indispensable necessity for exciting action, Austin Malmaison arrived at home, at the commencement of one of those political struggles between opposing parties that occasionally engage and agitate the whole length and breadth of our land. The spirit of Native Americanism was at its height. As some unhappy men betake themselves to drinking, and others to gambling, Austin Malmaison cast himself into the melee of political warfare.

It not unfrequently happens that some obscure, unconscious, personal motive underlies and governs the opinions and principles of even the most sincerely intending men.

And thus it might have been with Mr. Malmaison. A foreign sprig of nobility had been the occasion of his family wreck, and hence perhaps he, that had always been intensely republican in all his sentiments, now became extremely "native," and devoted his time, talents and fortune to the promotion of the interests of that party. Naturally, he soon became one of the most popular and efficient men in their ranks. Consequently, in the conventions, barbacues, mass meetings, and field speakings, he soon found distinction enough.

Meantime, while Austin Malmaison found forgetfulness of his family calamities in the excitements of political struggle, Wakefield Brunton was living through another set of experiments. After his repulse by Vivia, his whole personality of body, mind and spirit, reeled as a cripple might, from whom some habitual support had been withdrawn, and shivered as one cast out from light and heat into outer darkness and cold. He possessed, however, a sufficiency of self-control, and none of this inward, shuddering weakness was apparent in the manner of the brilliant and popular lecturer.

This was the period of wounded self-love, unjust judgment, and bitter resentment. He hated, or believed that he hated Vivia, and he fell into a sarcastic style of writing and speaking whenever woman chanced to be his theme. About this time the infidelity of Helen, and the wrongs and the grief of Austin, had a powerful effect on his mind, and served to confirm him for the time in his cynical mood. Being engaged in delivering a course of lectures on the origin and history of the Reformation, he chose, or was fated to deal very harshly with the memory of the historical women of that period, without regard to party; and the Protestant Elizabeth Tudor and the Catholic Catherine de Medicis suffered almost equally in their fame at his hands. Everything took form and color and character from his mood. And is not this too often the case even with the clearest and frankest intellects?

But with one of Wakefield Brunton's moral and intellectual excellence, this jaundiced and distorted mind could not remain permanent. An affair merely of wounded love and humbled pride, it yielded in time to reason and conscience; there was a healthy reaction; his troubled soul settled and cleared; he looked around upon the world with a true and steady eye; and knowing now his power and his sphere of labor, he sought to purify his soul from pride, anger, injustice, and every form of selfishness; to give a spotless votary to the service of God and man; to waive his love of present good fame, and to throw the whole weight of his talent and influence, though it were relatively the weight of a grain of sand, into the scale of outraged truth, justice, and humanity, aye! even though this should bring him proscription for adulation, hatred for liking, contempt for honor, infamy for glory. Some years ago the age of martydom had not passed, any one could have had *that* crown for the seeking. I know not if it be fully passed *now*; but now, at least, the right reason of all dogmas, religious, political, and social, may be freely discussed without costing the questioner his reputation for honesty, or for vanity; his place in the hearts of his friends; and his position in society; when as *then*—though the advocates of free thought were not, as in still darker ages, imprisoned, banished, sold into slavery, or broken on the wheel, yet they ever were *proscribed*, and the terms, "fanatic," "infidel," "madman," were indiscriminately applied. "The animal is mad, avoid, or destroy him," was in effect the sentence of the world upon any man of genius who dared to think or speak in advance of his time.

This was the sentence soon pronounced upon Wakefield. It takes a man but a little while thus to ruin himself with this world. Let an orthodox minister of the Gospel, who has been prophecying "smooth things" to a sleepy congregation all his life, but once speak out the truth that perhaps has been secretly burning in his soul for years, and you shall see the holy horror that he shall inspire. And yet must the truth be spoken, for no matter in what manner it is received, it will remain in the memory, it will gain space even as in time it will fill space.

But Wakefield's worldly popularity waned from the time that without fear or favor he began to write and to speak his truth. He wrote books and published them, but the profits of the sales little more than covered the expenses of their publication, while the principles they advocated provoked a storm of criticism more than sufficient to crush any youthful author. Thus his works were profitable neither for his pocket or his reputation. But what of that, if by their dissemination, his truth should find its way into some mind where it might possibly germinate like good seed in good ground, and bring fruit "some thirty, some fifty, and some an hundred fold?" So as long as he could find readers, Wakefield was content to write and starve. But even this ended. As his books were not more profitable to the publisher than to himself, he began to find it very difficult, and afterwards quite impossible to induce any house to undertake the enterprise of bringing out his works. As he himself was too poor to print them, his usefulness seemed to be gone. Yet he wrote on.

Still for a while his erudition and talents as a lecturer procured him a few engagements. But as in every subject, whether of history, science or belle-lettres with which philosophy deals, there are the elements of truths and the dogmas of falsehood, it was impossible for Wakefield to give a course of lectures without revealing his "peculiar views." And thus the lyceums misunderstood or feared him; and his popularity as a public speaker declined and died out.

It would be too sad to trace his downward steps to extreme poverty.

"Who has not seen," says Emerson, "the tragedy of imprudent genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted and faithless like a giant slaughtered by pins."

But Wakefield's case was not exactly such as this. It is true that he had no trade, because in his boyhood and youth his whole nature had set in as by a powerful attraction to a life of intellectual labor. And he had never studied a profession, not from want of industry, because we know that he had been an indefatigable student, but from a too fastidious dislike to the imperfection and quackery inseparable from each. And now as his chosen vocation of author and lecturer failed to support him as a gentleman, Wakefield, instead of getting into debt, or obtaining money from any friend, had the simple honesty to come down in his pretentions, and to seem the poor man that he really was. He took a cheap lodging, purchased plain food, and wore coarse clothing. And even then rather than remain in the debt of his poor landlady or washwoman, he would go out and do a day's manual labor wherever he could find employment.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

No more alone, through this world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now, no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.
—*Shelley.*

It was a glorious evening near the first of October, when the steamer that brought home Vivia and Theodora touched the wharf at New York.

Austin had come to the city to meet them, and had taken lodgings so near the landing place that he was enabled to be upon the spot to receive them at the moment of their arrival.

The assemblage was so great that for awhile it seemed impossible to get sight of the party for whom he came to look.

Vivia was the first to emerge from the dense crowd, she came, drawing gently after her Theodora, who still hung upon her arm, and followed by an elderly maid and footman, who carried sunshades, shawls, reticules, and such other little personal belongings as had not been packed up.

On seeing them, Austin sprang forward to greet them, shaking hands cordially again and again, and still lingering over that ceremony until the increasing pressure of the crowd making him feel that he "stopped the way," obliged him to get between, and give an arm to each of the ladies, and hurry them from the deck to the wharf, and to the carriage, that stood in waiting at a short distance.

The drive to the hotel occupied but a few moments. All questions were, by tacit consent, deferred until they reached the private parlor of the party. Then, when the coach was dismissed, and the ladies' bonnets and shawls laid off and consigned to the care of their attendants, who had followed in a cab, and the three friends found themselves alone together, Austin drew his chair up before the sofa upon which Theodora and Vivia sat side by side, and for an instant, in silence, they looked at one another, with that deep interest of curiosity with which friends long separated, upon their first meeting, examine each other. And in that single instant of silent study, revelations were given and received. As Austin looked from one to the other of his recovered friends, he found them both changed.

Vivia seemed less brilliant than formerly. The far-reaching, vivid lightning of her eyes seemed called back, gathered in, and now those once flashing orbs shone with a still, deep, starlike radiance, and the tones of her voice were less elastic and vivacious but smoother, calmer, sweeter than formerly. For the rest she was paler and quieter.

But Theodora! He had been before struck with the change in *her*, which every motion and gesture from the moment of leaving the ship to that of entering the hotel, had revealed, exciting still ever-increasing surprise. Could this freely-stepping, graceful woman, whose every motion was full of elasticity, and whose countenance was sparkling with vivacity, could this indeed be the once pale, dejected little cripple? Had the long living with Vivia effected this change, and, above all, had the electric life received by the former been given from the life of the latter? Austin could scarcely for wonder remove his attention from them.

And they, on their part, had, in that single instant, taken in all the change that had passed over him. And this was a sad and blighting change. It is true that they who were intimately acquainted with his character, and knew also his last great trial, had expected to find him altered, worn and haggard. This would have been too natural to be wondered at. But, ah! the change was not that produced by sorrow or humiliation, but by something more deplorable. The marks upon his altered brow were not only those of grief, but of excess. As Vivia gazed for a moment upon him, the keenest pang that had ever entered that generous bosom, now wrung her heart. The man sitting before her was really Austin, and yet seemed not to be him. It is true, there was the same tall and finely-proportioned form, the same regular, classic features, the same graceful and distinguished bearing; where, then, was the change? Something was missing from the expression of his eyes, and from the tone of his voice; alas! the purity of both was gone, or rather the innocency of soul was gone, and in the eye and in the voice the loss was betrayed! There was a certain thickness and huskiness in the deep-toned voice, once pure as the notes of an organ; a certain semi-opacity in the dark, impassioned eye, once clear as those of childhood; a turbidness, not to say dark flush over the rich complexion, once transparent as that of womanhood, and a fullness, to use no harsher term, about the fine features, once as cleanly cut and clearly defined as those of a classic statue. Very slight were these indices to the perception of superficial spectators. They did not detract much from the external grace, dignity and beauty of his appearance; nor from his reputation as a very handsome man and accomplished gentleman; they would scarcely have been noticed by an indifferent acquaintance; but to one as deeply interested as was Vivia, they were, alas! tokens slight but sure of a soul world-warped, sense sodden! His style of conversation also partook of the same change.

Even Theodora's soul recoiled from one who had once been all in all to her.

It took, as I said, but a moment of mutual observation for each party to perceive in the other these changes, good and bad. Vivia was the first to break the momentary silence.

"Well, we meet again after so long a separation, dear Austin. It was a long anticipated joy to me."

"And to me then! I tell you, Vivia, that I have counted the hours for months since you have been expected home. And you, dear Theodora, are you not happy to touch your native land again?" he said, turning with something like his old smile to the latter.

"Oh yes, but I am gladder to see my friends again."

"Well! what does that sigh mean; that you have left regrets behind?"

"Oh no, I have left no regrets behind, and brought nothing but happy memories away."

"Well what then?"

"There is one wanted to complete our party. Where is Wakefield, dear Austin?" she inquired evasively.

Austin's countenance grew grave and troubled; and Vivia roused her attention and bent forward to listen.

But Austin only answered by asking another question.

"You have read his last volume of Essays?"

"Oh! 'The Progress of Truth!' yes, and admired it exceedingly. But do such books succeed? what has been its fate?"

"Hum-m-m—you have already surmised it."

"But the author—but our Wakefield?"

"*Suffers* the penalty of all would-be 'world menders,'" replied Austin, who then commenced and gave a summary history of the declension and death of Wakefield's popularity. He concluded by saying, "Wakefield was very unwise. I begin to think genius lacks common sense. He sacrificed to an absurd conscientiousness a prospect of the most brilliant career that ever opened before a young author. Society is not prepared to receive his views, and he should have seen it; there *is* a fitting time and place for speaking the truth, and he should have known it."

"Yes," said Vivia in a tone of sweetness and solemnity, "there is a fitting time and place for *speaking* the truth. The *time* is—when the opposite falsehood exists; the *place* is—*where* it prevails! No matter if out of the million but one receives that truth—in that heart it will live, germinate and spread—bear seed and scatter them to take root in other prepared hearts, its growth may be checked, but its fruitfulness can never be destroyed—it will reproduce itself and spread until it fills the earth. Therefore has the condemned book not been written in vain, nor has the broken hearted author perished in vain!"

"Perished! Vivia!"

"Aye! perished! I use that term in its finite meaning—for the soul and its truth are co-eternal. But where then is Wakefield? Austin, where is thy beacon friend?" said Vivia, bringing these two starlike eyes to bear full upon her cousin's face and soul. "Aye! 'Cain where is thy brother Abel?'"

"I might ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'—if, indeed, that brother were one to submit to bonds, except to those fair bonds that were refused to him?"

"Have you seen him since you came up to town?"

"No, for I did not know where to seek him. It is said that he has hidden himself in some poor lodgings in the heart of the city, but where exactly, I could not learn."

"But you have written to him?"

"Certainly—at a venture; but have as yet received no answer—in fact, there has been no time for an answer. But come, ladies, here is supper! let us then adjourn the discussion to another occasion," said Austin, as a couple of waiters entered, bearing the materials for their evening repast.

As this was near the first of October, and as the Presidential election was drawing very near, Austin seemed extremely anxious to return to the field of struggle.

Vivia, on the other hand, was for several reasons, desirous of remaining for the present in town. Among other motives was her wish to serve Theodora, whose successful pursuit of art would require a city residence. Therefore, so soon as Austin had ascertained the intention of his cousin, he hastened to engage for her party a suit of pleasant rooms, in an up-town hotel—and when he had seen them comfortably settled there, he took leave and hurried off to the various scenes of political conflict.

Vivia's old friends began to gather around her, and soon "the muse and beauty" suffered herself to be drawn into the vortex of fashionable life. She had a double motive—to feel the pulse of society in regard to Wakefield, and also to introduce Theodora to some of those few worthy and influential souls who mingle in fashionable society and almost redeem its general frivolity.

In respect to Wakefield she discovered that he was socially dead and forgotten—and a new literary lion, a young gentleman who had written a volume of *outre* verses, roared in his stead. She could gain no clue to Wakefield's residence; his publisher had entirely lost sight of him, and the directories pointed out none but householders, and business firms. At length Vivia resolved to write to Mrs. Brunton, who was still in charge at Sunset Hills for the address of her son. It seemed a little absurd to be under the necessity of writing to Maryland to get information of an individual, whom she knew to be in the city from which she wrote, but there was in fact no alternative in seeking intelligence of Wakefield.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

HUMAN PETRIFACTION.—A paper read by Prof. Coffin, before the recent Scientific Convention at Albany, controverts the popular idea that human bodies are sometimes converted into stone after death. The supposed cases of petrifaction which are frequently mentioned in the newspapers, are instances where the human remains have been converted into "adipocire," (a fatty matter which is generated in dead bodies, under peculiar circumstances,) and not into stone. Adipocire closely resembles stone, to an unpractised observer, but is simply a chemical change of the body, which occurs only when the coffin becomes filled with water, or is buried in moist earth. The body, transformed into adipocire, floats in water, which it would not do if converted into stone. The supposed cases of changes of position in the grave, bursting open the coffin lids, turning over, crossing of limbs, &c., formerly attributed to the coming to life of buried persons, the Professor said, was now ascertained to be due to the same cause. The chemical change into adipocire, and the evolution of gases produce these movements of dead bodies. The Professor exhibited a specimen of a portion of the human body converted into adipocire, taken from the grave last year.

Prof. Morsford added some corroborative facts, relating a case where the bones of an infant were said to have been converted into phosphorus, and exhibited some specimens.

We do not think, however, that these views in regard to human "petrifaction" are conclusive. Instances, seemingly well authenticated, are occasionally reported, where dead bodies, upon being disinterred, have been found to be perfectly solid, emitting a ringing sound when struck, and fracturing like stone. A case of this kind was mentioned at Albany—that of a young lady interred near Cincinnati, whose body, upon being subsequently disinterred, was found to be converted into a solid substance, very heavy. No scientific man examined it, however, to decide whether it was adipocire, or bone, or stone.

We recollect hearing of an instance of this sort which occurred in a town in the State of Maine, where the body of a deceased person, upon being disinterred for removal, was found to be so heavy that a yoke of oxen were employed to draw it from the grave. If the report was true, the body must have been transformed into something heavier than adipocire. The subject is one of curious interest, and we trust that when another "petrified" human corpse is discovered, some scientific person may have an opportunity to test its claim to be called stone.

It is related that in 1788, when the churchyard of the Innocents, at Paris, was cleaned out, and the bones transported to the catacombs, it was discovered that numbers of the bodies were converted into a saponaceous white substance, more especially those which had been interred for fifteen years in one pit, to the amount of fifteen hundred, in coffins closely packed together. These bodies were flattened, in consequence of their mutual pressure, and though they generally retained their shape, there was deposited round the bones of several, a grayish white, somewhat soft, flexible substance. Von Hartkal made experiments during twenty-five years upon this subject, from which he inferred that "there is no formation of adipocire in bodies buried in dry ground, and that in moist earth the fat of dead bodies does not increase, but changes into a fetid saponaceous substance, incapable of being worked either into soap or candles; that the dead bodies of *mammalia*, immersed in running water, leave behind, after three years, a pure fat, from which, without any purification, candles may be made, as void of smell, as hard, and as white as from bleached wax." If the body be immersed in stagnant water, there results a greater amount of fat, but it is less pure.

CLERICAL SCANDAL.—The Union of Turin says:—Most horrible stories are now being told of the conduct of the Legate Grassellini, at Bologna, and from the inquiries made, there is no doubt of the truth. The Cardinal's gardener had a daughter, who was considered to be the prettiest girl in Bologna, and was engaged to be married to a young Bolognese. His eminence took a fancy to her, and attempted to seduce the girl, but she not listening, he had recourse to Roman prelate manœuvres, and banished the proposed husband, so that the girl might purchase his return at the expense of her honor. But finding even that this would not do, under the pretext of heresy, the poor girl was taken from her parents and thrown into prison. The parents went immediately to the Austrian General Degenfeld. Cardinal Grassellini pretended to know nothing about it, but the General knew his man and threatened force. The girl was set at liberty, and given over to her parents. The treatment she had received in prison was so horrible that what between shame and suffering the poor girl expired in a few days.

MAGNETIC IRON.—A correspondent of the New York Scientific American, writing from Bloomfield, N. J., says that on a railway near that town there is an uphill grade, running northwest of eighty or ninety feet to the mile, on which each of the individual rails is a magnet, the upper end being a South pole, and the lower end a North pole. He presumes that on all inclined railway grades the case is the same, no matter what may be the direction, or from what mine the iron come, as there is a law of magnetism, that all bars of iron become magnets the moment you raise them from a horizontal position. This magnetic law, he thinks, has not been considered enough on board of vessels, in relation to local attraction, and he adds, that it has doubtless been the cause of their running on shore sometimes.

NEW SHOCKS OF STEREOTYPING.—A very simple method of casting pages to print from, has been patented, by which no damage is done to the types. The process consists of a mixture of various ingredients, finely pulverized, and mixed up to the consistency of putty; in this state it is spread with a knife on a piece of wrapping-paper, and then passed under an accurately adjusted straight edge, when a surface as smooth and equal as a sheet of paper is obtained, which being laid on the face of the type and passed under the printing press, an impression is taken, and the matrix is thus formed; after being laid gently on a heated plate for about twenty minutes, it is ready to cast from.

SPIRITUALISM AT SARATOGA—SCENES BETWEEN PROFESSOR HARE AND GEN. WEBB.—A letter from Saratoga in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, gives an account of quite "a scene" that took place on the 4th inst., at that place, between Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, and Gen. Webb, of New York. Professor Hare gave a lecture on Spiritualism, in the ladies' parlor. After the lecture had proceeded for some time,

Gen. Webb arose and inquired of the Professor whether, in his lecture the evening previous, in his published book, and in his conversations on the piazza of the hotel, he had not proclaimed, that spiritualism, as understood by him, necessarily involved *a renunciation of all belief in the Bible and in revealed Religion?*

At this the Professor flew into a passion, declared the interruption *impertinent*, and said he would not be catechised. Gen. Webb said that in his own lecture room, on the preceding evening, he had not presumed to interrupt him; but that here, in the parlor of a hotel, common to all, it was his right so to do, and to put the unsuspecting and the young persons present upon their guard. The Professor was very angry, but finally promised that when through with his lectures he would answer questions. Gen. Webb replied, that as the Professor had proclaimed it to be the duty of every *honest* man to inquire after and elicit truth, so in his judgment was it the duty of every *Christian* man to expose and correct error; and that having given the *caution*, he was content to wait until the Professor had finished.

Upon the Professor's closing, Gen. Webb rose, when immediately the Professor insisted that he should not be heard because he had interrupted him, but finally was compelled to be quiet. Gen. Webb then said—"I do not intend to ask any questions of Professor Hare, whose age and position entitled him to our profound respect; but I desire to make a statement to you. I heard the Professor lecture last night. On that occasion, on the piazza of this hotel, and in his book now lying on that table, he has proclaimed on the authority of the spirits of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Chalmers, Clay, Jackson, his own father, and a host of others, that there is not one particle of truth in the Bible or revealed Religion; but that the whole fabric of Christianity is an imposition upon the credulity of mankind. If I misrepresent the Professor I hope he will correct me." The Professor simply bowed. Gen. Webb then continued, "Early in life I was in the same law office with Judge Edmonds, who is the head and front of this offending."

Prof. Hare—I deny that.

Gen. Webb—I yield the point. My brother married Judge Edmonds' sister, and I have known and respected him from boyhood. I mention these facts to show that I speak *advisedly* when I say that Judge Edmonds, who is at least an older convert to Spiritualism than Professor Hare, and who is considered by the public as the chief of the sect, has always assured his friends and relations that he, too, has consulted the spirits of Washington, Franklin, Clay, Kent, and, in short, all the worthies named by Professor Hare, and that they, one and all, assure him that there is nothing in Spiritualism which conflicts directly or indirectly with *the Religion of the Bible!* Now, I have the greatest possible respect for the veracity of both Judge Edmonds and Prof. Hare, but when I find them differing so widely in regard to what the spirits declare, I have no alternative but to believe them acting under some strange delusion, or to suppose them guilty of falsehood and deception, or to assume that the spirits, with whom they commune are lying spirits, whose testimony is not to be relied on, and more particularly, when all their teachings are at war with the teachings of the Saviour of the world. I have nothing more to say, and leave the Professor to make any explanation he pleases.

Professor Hare then proceeded to explain, that the spirits with which Edmonds converses, *are lying spirits;* and that they had tried to deceive him also, but that he was too much for them! He had told Edmonds so, and tried to convince him that Spiritualism proved the falsehood of what we call revelation! He then commenced a lecture to prove all revelations *false*, when his hearers dispersed. Subsequently, however, another gathering collected around him, and the Professor pretended to converse with his sister, brother, &c., when many very ridiculous and disgusting revelations were made, such, for instance, as that Washington has married another woman in his sphere, and that his wife has married another man; but he refused to name the parties! He also declared that *the spirits are* UNANIMOUSLY *in favor of the election of Fillmore to the Presidency*, and think that the institution of *Slavery* should be perpetuated!

☞ At a ball given by the British Consul at San Francisco to celebrate the Queen's birthday, a merchant asked a young lady to dance the next polka with him. She replied,—"No, sirs, I never promise ahead; first come, first served, is my ticket."—*English Paper.*

BALTIMORE MARKET.

COFFEE—The market is firm, and we notice a steady demand. A sale of 600 bags Rio, cargo of the Bird Wing, just arrived, on private terms, but understood to be at full rates, within the range of 11c ₩ lb; also, 240 bags at 10½@11c. We quote good to prime at 10½@11c; choice 11c. Holders generally are firm in their views. Java 14@15c ₩ lb. Stock on hand about 26,000 bags Rio, and 3 or 4 hhds other kinds. A sale also since writing the above of 5 bags Rio at 11c.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market was quiet. Not much disposition to purchase largely at the prices asked. The Canada advices have had no appreciable effect. Sales of city to the Howard street at $7, closing steady. Ohio held firmly at $7. Buyers offered $6.87½, and holders asking $7. No sales since Change.

Family and Extra Flour—We note a sale of 500 bbls Telegraph Mills Extra at $8, and 100 bbls do family at $9. We quote Baltimore ground family of all kinds at $8, and extra do at $8. Howard street and Ohio family $8.25@8.50; extra do at $7.75@8 ₩ bbl.

Rye Flour—Best qualities in demand and scarce. A sale of 100 bbls first at $4.50. Small lots also of new, fresh ground, choice at $4.5 ₩ bbl. Lots not in good order can be had at $4.25@4.37½.

Corn Meal—Small sales are making of country at $3.25 for choice, and city at $3.75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—The receipts are fair. Shippers and millers purchase freely. Prices of choice samples are a shade firmer. There were 21,000 bushels offered, and mostly sold at 130@135c for fair lots of white; good to prime do 135@140; choice do 145; red, good to prime 125@130c; choice do 135c ₩ bush.

Corn—There were 12,000 bushels offered, and sales of white at 57@61 to 63 and 65c; yellow 61@62 to 64 ₩ bush, as to quality, an advance.

Oats—There were 3000 bushels offered, and sales at 35@37 cents.

Rye—About 1000 bushels offered, and sales of 500 bushels Pennsylvania at 92 cents. We quote Maryland at 87@90 cents. Pennsylvania 87@6 cents, as to quality.

SEEDS—Small sales are making of Clover at $3.50@3.62, and Timothy $1.87 ₩ bushel.

WHISKEY—There is a steady demand; prices upward. A sale of 100 bbls City at 24c, and 100 do Ohio at 23½c ₩ gallon. We quote Pennsylvania at 24@25c.

Sept. 15.—Hogsheads and Ohio Flour steady at $7. Sales of Wheat at $1.45@1.55 for Red and $1.55@1.65 for White. Corn in good demand at 62@65c for White; Yellow 64@66c. Ohio Whiskey 23@24c.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle were very heavy, some 2200 head being offered at the scales, which is a much larger quantity than has been at market in one week for a long time. Of the above quantity 500 were driven to Philadelphia, 120 to York, Pa., 80 were sold to graziers, 200 were withdrawn, 100 were left over, and the balance (1150 head) were taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $4.75@5.25 on the hoof, equal to $5.50@6.25 net, and averaging $5.91 gross. Very few cattle were sold at the outside figures. The decline since last week is 25¢ to 50¢ ₩ 100 lbs.

HOGS—The supply is large and the market is very dull. The sales were made at $7@8 ₩ 100 lbs, which is a decline on last week's figures.

SHEEP—Sheep were also dull, and prices were from 30 to 75c ₩ head lower than on last market day. The sales were made at $2@3 ₩ 100 lbs gross.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1300 Beef Cattle; 375 Stores, 12 pairs Working Oxen, 175 Cows and Calves, 4200 Sheep and Lambs, 3200 Swine. Prices—Beef Cattle, extra, $4.50; first quality $4; second quality $3.50; third quality $3.00; ordinary, $4.50@5. Stores—Yearlings $12@13; two Years Old $21@30. Hides at 4½c. Tallow 7½c. Pails $2@3 each. Calf Skins 14c ₩ lb. Working Oxen—Sales at $160, 175, 178, 190, 195. Cows and Calves—Sales at $30, 35, 38, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60. Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $3.50, 4.5c per lb, $1.50@2.25ea. Swine—Store Pigs 6@7c retail, 5½c; Sows quicker but small Hogs for sale 5½@6c. Remarks—There not being as large a supply of Beef as last week, sales are quicker with a slight advance on very extra Beef. There was about 200 cattle left over from last week, by which purchasers were able to supply themselves.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 122 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closes steady:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Loans.			Reading	43¼	43¾
U S 6 ps ct			" preferred	44½	45
" "	112	113	Mine Hill	50	52½
" "	107	117	Hol & Lar	55	56½
" "	116	117	Chester Valley	3	5
" "	102	103½	Tioga	10	—
Phila 6 per ct			" preferred	20	—
" " new	101	102	P W & Bal	21½	22½
" "	—	—	Long Island	13½	14½
Cam City 6 per ct	96	96	**Canal Stocks.**		
Pitts 6 per ct	75	80	Schuyl Nav	13½	19
" coupon	70½	75½	" preferred	20	30½
All'ny city 6 per ct	101	102	Lehigh Nav	73	75½
" " coupon	69½	70	Morris	14½	16
Allegh'y PHR's	88	93	" preferred	28	30½
Penn			C & Del	—	93
" 5 "	83	87½	Union	84	90
" " coupon	82	86½	Sus & Tidewater	10	11
Penn 6 per ct	81	92½	Wil'sport & Elmira	23½	27
" "	—	79	Cumberland	12½	13½
" " coupon	76	81	**Railroad Stocks.**		
Kentucky 6 per ct	101½	102½	North Amer	158	165
Penn RR 6 per ct	96½	98	Penna	119½	119½
2d m'ts loan '42	87½	87½	Phœnix	134	138
C & Am RR 6 per ct	96½	97	Pat & Mon	93½	94
Sus Bdge RR "	103	—	Commercial	69	69½
Penn & N Y C RR "	—	70	N Liberty	69	64
Reading RR "	86½	87	Mechanics	39½	39½
" Mort "	1	3	Southwark	72	—
B & Lan RR "	98	101	P Township	40	45
P & ERR 7 "	70	70	Kensington	67	70
Ches Val RR "	92	95	Girard	110	113
Tioga RR "	26	27	Western	90	94
Penn N & Bal "	—	—	Mon & Meeha	100	103
" RR 6 per ct	93	99½	Commerce	79	82
Leeds 1 RR "	75	75	Tradesmen's	69	—
Sch Nav '72 "	74½	75	City	84	85
Lehigh Nav "	94½	95	Consolidation	79½	80
Mort "	86	88	Pittsburg	69	—
C & I Co "	80	85	Mt V. Penn	90	—
New & Tol "	80	85½	Ex'ge Prim	6½	—
Williams & Eaton			Kentucky	103	104½
1st mortgage	72	75	Northern, Ky	113	—
2d do	65	65½	Louisville, Ky	120	—
Railroad Stocks.			Farmers, Ky	104½	—
Cam & Amboy	125	130	Union, N'pt, Tenn	100	10½
Penna	49	50	Miss'pi, Tenn	100	—
Hun Meadow	134	6½	Com & B Viaba	1	6c
North Penna	14	14½	N O Gas Lt	130	—
Phil Ger & Nor	64	65½			

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
September 13, 1856.

There is a fair amount of business doing in Foreign Goods, but trade is only moderately active for the season with both the commission and jobbing houses. There is very little alteration to notice in the general features of the market. Brown and Bleached Cottons are steady and firm, with reduced stocks of some lines. Print Cloths are also firm. Prints, with the exception of good styles, are dull, and prices favor the buyer. Linseys and Ticks are steady. Cloths and Cassimeres move off slowly but Satinets, Flannels, and Blankets sell well. Linseys are quiet. Laces are held more firmly owing to the advance abroad. Silks have also advanced, and staple black Silks are much wanted. Dress Goods are well held, and all desirable styles are active. In the general produce markets the business has also been moderate. The foreign news received by the two last mails, gave an upward tendency to Breadstuffs, but subsequent advices have modified the market, and prices are about the same, others as there is very little change in any of the leading articles. Beef continues in request and scarce, at the former rates. Mess Beef advanced 12½c. Groceries have attracted more attention, and the sales of Sugar and Coffee have been quite liberal, at unchanged rates. Provisions remain dull. Of Hides, all the recent imports have been taken at the figures. Leather continues active, but the want of stock limits operations. Naval Stores and Oils are unchanged, with moderate transactions. Seeds are firmly held. Teas and Tobacco are unchanged. Whiskey is scarce, and on the advance; and Wool is firm and in demand, with a fair inquiry, to go East. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of last week.

ASHES—The market is buoyant and firm, with light receipts and sales of both Pots and Pearls at rather higher figures.

BARK continues scarce and in demand at a slight advance on previously quoted rates, and the receipts of Quercitron, about 12 hhds, have found ready sale at $28.50 for 1st quality No 1. Tanners' Bark is steady at 4@4½c for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is held above the views of buyers, with little or nothing in the way of sales, and Yellow is quoted at 26@27c ₩ lb, nothing doing to offer.

CANDLES—There is rather more doing in Sperm and Adamantine, but the sales are usually in a small way, within the range of quotations. Tallow Candles are quiet.

COAL—The stock is light for the season, and the demand for at fully former rates; the tendency if anything being upward; the continued scarcity of vessels, however, checks business. Allegheny Coal is dull, with but little offering or selling.

The anthracite coal receipts from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, for the week just closed, compare as follows with the corresponding week of last year:

	1855.	1856.
Lehigh Canal	45,53	34,219
Schuylkill Canal	31,06	32, 27
Reading Railroad	45,891	54,773
Total for week	121,525	124,269

The total receipts for the year, on the three great lines of improvement, foot up and compare with the receipts to the same date last year, as follows:

	1855.	1856.	Decline
Lehigh Canal	809,292	729,941	82,351
Schuylkill Canal	744,814	744,183	631
Reading Railroad	1,686,065	1,540,651	155,414
Total	3,703,371	3,064,735	239,136

The receipts over the Lehigh Valley Railroad amount to 99,84- tons, so that the actual decline in the supply from the two regions, as compared with last year, is only about 60,000 tons.

COFFEE—The market has been more active, and prices are quite better, the week's sales in all reaching some 1400 bags, principally Rio, within the range of 10½@11c, including 500 bags Laguayra at 11c. About 1500 mats Java also sold at 14c, all on the usual credit.

COTTON—The market opened with a better feeling, and more inquiry from manufacturers, and most of the lots on sale found buyers at outside prices; the firmness of holders, however, has limited the operations of the last few days, and business has been rather inactive. The week's sales foot up some 500 bales, within the range of 11½c for Uplands, and 12 a 14 for Gulf, cash and time. Arrived 800 bales.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions in articles under this head have been to a moderate extent, within the range of late quotations, and there is little or no alteration to notice in the market.

FEATHERS are scarce and in request at an advance on previous sales, and we quote good Western at 30c ₩ lb.

FISH—There are no large No 1 Mackerel in market, and 3s are also very scarce. We quote medium Fish at $18 @ 18.50, and 1's, rather dull for the finer numbers; large 2s at $15, and 3s at $12 ₩ bbl, with moderate transactions at these figures. A small sale of Pickled Herring was made at about $4 ₩ bbl. Dry Cod sells at 5¢ the net lb.

FRUIT—There is nothing doing in Foreign for the want of stock. Green Fruit, with the exception of Peaches, is plenty and dull.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue light, and the market, under the more favorable tenor of the news from abroad, is 12½@25c ₩ bbl better than at the close of last week; the demand for export, however, is limited at the advance; and only some 600 bbls have been taken, mostly in small lots, at $8.37½@7 for good to superfine, made from new wheat, at the latter rate for W N Townes, which is now in general use among the Philadelphia shipping brands. Also sold to the extent of 1000 bbls Brandywine at $7.25, and 200 bbls extra at $7.50, and 200 bbls middlings at $4 per bbl, the market closing firm but very quiet under the late news from abroad. The demand for home consumption has been to a fair extent within the range of $8.62½@7.25 for common and good brands, $7 to 7.25 for extra, and $8@8.50 for family and fancy Family Flour, according to brand. Rye Flour is quiet, but is selling to a small extent at $4.75 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is in moderate request and firm with further sales of about 1000 bbls, in small lots, at $3.70 for Penna, and $3.87½ for Brandywine Meal—the latter is an advance. The inspections for the week are 12,600 bbls Flour, 235 half bbls do, 2½ bbls Corn Meal, and 60 bbls Rye do.

GRAIN—There has been but a light Wheat offering and selling this week, and with a fair demand both for shipment and millers' prices have ruled nearly steady; at the close, however, holders have submitted to a decline of about 2c ₩ bushel on the quotations of last week. The sales in all foot up some 55,000 bushels, mostly Southern reds about at 132@135c, including 5000 bushels Kentucky at 135c, 2000 Tennessee at 135c, 2000 Delaware at 135c, and 2000 Maryland at 135c, and 5000 Southern at 135@136c. Rye is wanted at 90c for Pennsylvania, and 85c for Southern. Corn has also been active, and about 40,000 bushels, principally Southern yellow, have found buyers at 68@70c, mostly at the latter rate, including inferior lots at 65@66c, and white at 68@69c which is an advance. Oats have been in fair request with sales of about 30,000 bush at 38@39c for Southern, and 40@41c for Penna and Western, as to quality.

GUANO—Continues in good demand at full rates; the reduced state of the stock of Peruvian has induced more activity at the late advance. Colombian remains unchanged, with a steady business to notice.

GINSENG—Meets with a better inquiry, but there is little or no Crude offering or selling, and prices are nominally unaltered.

HEMP—Is scarce and wanted at full rates, but the want of clean checks sales.

HIDES—Are in good demand and scarce. All the recent imports coming into store. 3500 Dry Salted Buenos Ayres have been sold at 24½c, six months, and about 800 Maracaibo on terms not public.

HOPS—Are dull and drooping; new sell as wanted at 15 cts, and old at 6@8c ₩ lb for first sort.

IRON—There is a fair demand for this article, but the differences of the views of buyers and sellers has limited the operations of the week. Sales of Anthracite No 1 at $27, and No 2, for No 2, including 1000 tons Crane Co. No. 1 at $27, and 500 tons No. 2 deliverable on the Susquehanna at $23, all on the usual credit. Scotch Pig sells as wanted, in small lots, at $32@33 ₩ ton. Railroad iron is more active, but without any change to note in prices. Bars also find ready sale at full rates, and the mills are well employed.

LEAD is held rather more firmly, but there is very little done, and we are only advised of a small sale of Virginia on terms not public.

LUMBER—The receipts are light, but there is more doing, without any change in quotations. White Pine ranges at $15@16, mostly at $15@15.50 for common Susquehanna Boards. Culls are more inquired for, and firm at $14@14.50 ₩ M., as to quality.

LEATHER—The market continues bare of stock, and the demand good at fully former rates.

MOLASSES—This article is attracting more attention; the stock is moderate, but the firmness of holders limits operations, and no sales of moment have been made public.

NAVAL STORES—There is more doing in Spirits of Turpentine, and sales foot up some 600 bbls at 44½@45c cash and time. Rosin is scarce, with sales of fine at 4@4.12½ ₩ bbl. No change in Pitch or Tar, and sales limited.

OILS—Linseed is scarce, with further sales at 105@106 to lots. Lard Oil is also scarce and on the advance, with sales of Spring at 90@91, and Winter at $1.05. Fish Oils are firm, with a moderate business doing from store at fully former rates.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and finds ready sale at 2@2.12½ for Soft.

PROVISIONS—The market continues pretty much at a stand, and sales are mostly confined to small lots for the supply of the trade, at about previous rates. Some further sales of Mess Pork have been made at $18.50@19, including 200 bbls of City Mess Beef at $17@17½ ₩ bbl. Bacon sells as wanted in lots from store at 10@10c for Hams the latter lately cured; 9½@10c for Shoulders, and 11@11½c for Sides, as to quality. Green Meats continue scarce, and little or nothing doing in the way of sales to alter quotations. Lard is also scarce, with further small sales of bbls and tierces at 13@13½c. Kegs are held at 14@15, with small sales. Butter moves off slowly at 14@15c for solid Western. Cheese is steady at 9@11c ₩ lb.

RICE—The sales are mostly in a retail way, at 4½@5 cents ₩ lb.

SALT—No change in the market, and we have only to note the arrival of 8,600 sacks Liverpool Ground to a dealer.

SEEDS—Continue firm in their quotations. There is rather more Timothy offering, but sales to the extent of 600 bushels are reported at $3@3.06½ ₩ bushel, the latter for Prime. Clover seed is coming in slowly, and some small lots of new seed have been taken at $5@5½ ₩ bushel, the latter for Prime. Flaxseed is scarce, and wanted, at $1.85@1.90 ₩ bushel for domestic.

SPIRITS—There is little or no movement in Brandy and Gin, but prices have been firm. N. E. Rum is also in limited request at 34@35c, and the latter for pure. Whiskey has become scarce, and prices are tending upward, sales for the week ranging at 23@25c for Eastern, 24@25c for Prime bbls, 21@23c for hhds, and 21@22c for Drudge, which is now held at 23c ₩ gal.

SUGARS—Are better. The market has been quite active the week, and some 1,200 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico, mostly of the former, have been taken, within the range of 8.50, on the usual credit—a going at 1 cent advance on the lowest point. Refined Sugars are also more active.

TALLOW—Is moving off slowly at 11@11½c for city rendered.

TEAS—There is a fair business doing, without any material alteration in the market.

TOBACCO—The market is steady but rather quiet, and the stock of Leaf very light.

WINES are quiet, with about the usual business to notice at previous quotations.

WOOL—There is a fair inquiry to go East, and holders are very firm in their views. The demand is principally for the common and medium grades, and sales reach about 150,000 lbs, mostly in mixed lots, within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The market has been well supplied with Beef Cattle this week; the demand, however, has been moderate, and prices show a falling off of 50@75c the 100 lbs on previous sales; the market closing dull, and about 100 head left over.

The sales at the Bull's Head New Drove Yard are reported as follows:

68 Indiana Cattle, sold by John Todd, good quality, at $6@6½.

72 Delaware Co, Pa, Cattle, by Cochran & McCall, good quality at @7@8.

60 Virginia Cattle, by Cochran & McCall, good quality, at $6@6½.

154 Chester Co Cattle, by Hathaway & McFallen, good quality, at @6@8.

80 Virginia Cattle, by B Seldomridge, good quality, at @6@7.

36 Chester Co Cattle, by A Kimball, good quality, at $7@8.

73 Chester Co Cattle, by Scott & Kimball, good quality, at $7@8.

56 Virginia Cattle, by Jas Megeath, ordinary, $5@6.

60 Chester Co Cattle, by Jas Meneely, good, at $6@6½.

76 Chester Co Cattle, by Chandler & Underwood, good, $7@8.

50 Virginia Cattle, by Capt McNeely, ordinary, at $5@6.

150 Chester and Pennsylvania Cattle, by different parties, mixed, at $5@6½.

At Barnsdeed's Drove Yard the following sales were made:

50 Chester Co, Cattle, by Ad. Rittenbaugh, good quality, at @7@

THE LEPERS IN INDIA.—*The neglected condition of those unfortunate beings, the lepers, has attracted the attention of the Commissioner of the Trans Sutlej States, from whose statement it appears that in Kangra alone there are fourteen hundred of them. It is the benevolent object of the proposer to build an asylum for these afflicted creatures, where they can have medical treatment and other attentions to mitigate, if not cure, their sufferings.—This proposition has elicited a revelation of a strange state of things from an up country contemporary, who assures us that in "the Umritsur district especially, the wretched lepers, though cut off from the sympathies of their countrymen, enforce their charity after a method as novel as it is effectual, by availing themselves of the horror of contamination which is caused by their presence. They form themselves into large bands, and go about into all parts where the population is not sufficiently resolute to oppose them, and by threats of defiling with their touch the persons or property of those who will not accede to their demands, levy a kind of black mail from whole pergunnahs." "I have myself," writes a correspondent, "met with large parties of these Umritsur lepers, moving about among the simple and effeminate races of the lower hills, many of them mounted on ponies, and assuming an air of great importance, realizing, I was assured, large collections, and spreading great terror and disgust wherever they wandered, until the police interfered to restrain them—a matter which it was not found very easy to effect."*

Another curious fact may be mentioned in connexion with the subject. There is a well known sacred tank in the Umritsur district, whose waters, like those of the pool of Bethesda, have the virtue of curing one leper on a certain auspicious day in every year. It may well be supposed that the tank is crowded with bathers on such occasions, and that many of the incidents of the story in sacred writ are strikingly recalled. But it must be added that, although one patient is always cured, yet there is an understanding that if he reveals the fact of his cure to any human being, his malady returns with greater virulence than ever. We must not be surprised, then, if authentic cases of cure are very rare.—Madras Athenæum.

NEW MODE OF MANUFACTURING IRON AND STEEL.—The London Times speaks of the interest excited among the iron manufacturers by the discovery of Mr. Bessemer, by which he takes crude iron directly from the ordinary blast furnace, and in the incredibly short space of thirty minutes converts it into ingots of malleable iron or steel of any size, and fit for the various manipulations ordinarily employed to adapt them to all the material purposes to which they are now applied. He thus dispenses with all the intermediate processes to which recourse has been had to produce the same effect within the last 70 years, including the making iron into pigs, and the refining, puddling, and squeezing stages, with all their attendant labor and fuel. Atmospheric air is the prime element in providing this result. The carbon of the crude iron, at a white heat, is brought in contact with atmospheric air, and the oxygen of the air combining with the carbon, rapidly produces carbonic acid gas. The rapid union of carbon and oxygen adds still further to the temperature of the metal, while the diminished quantity of carbon present allows a part of the oxygen to combine with the iron, which undergoes combustion and is converted into an oxide. At the excessive temperature that the metal has now acquired, the oxide, as soon as formed, undergoes fusion, and forms a powerful solvent of those earthy bases that are associated with the iron. The violent ebullition going on mixes most intimately the scoria and metal, every part of which is thus brought in contact with the fluid oxide, which washes and cleanses the metal most thoroughly from the slags and other earthy bases that are combined with the crude iron, while the sulphur and other volatile matters which cling so tenaciously to iron at ordinary temperatures are driven off, the sulphur combining with the oxygen and forming sulphurous acid gas. Experiments have been conducted before iron masters and men of science in London, and they pronounced it eminently satisfactory, and a discovery of great importance.*

THE ORDERS TO GOVERNOR GEARY.—WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—It is understood that the telegraphic despatch transmitted by the State Department to Governor Geary, is to the following effect:—

If the militia, which previous orders sent by Col. Emory make subject to the requisition of Gen. Smith, are not sufficient for the exigency Mr. Marcy wishes to be notified by telegraph, remarking that the insurrectionary invasion of Kansas by way of Nebraska, and the subsequent hostile attack on the post office at Franklin, and on the dwellings of Titus and Clark, seem to have stimulated to unlawful acts of the same character on the border of Missouri, and that the President expects Gov. Geary to maintain the public peace, and bring to punishment all acts of violence or disorder, by whomsoever perpetrated, relying on his energy and discretion, and the approved capacity, decision and coolness of character of Gen. Smith, to prevent or suppress all attempts to kindle civil war in the Territory.

The telegraphic despatch from the War Department to Gen. Smith, bears date Sept. 9th, acquainting him that it is the purpose of the President to secure him all the militia force necessary to maintain order and suppress insurrection, and that no military operations shall be carried on in Kansas otherwise than under his instructions and orders. Hence he is instructed not to permit the employment of militia or any armed bodies of men unless they have been regularly mustered into the service of the United States.

DEAF MUTES IN CONVENTION.—The Concord (New Hampshire) Reporter says that the first meeting of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes, held in that city, on Wednesday, 3rd instant, was very fully attended, and was a very interesting occasion. There were present probably some two hundred Deaf Mutes, ladies and gentlemen.

The exercises consisted of an opening address by the President, Thomas Brown, of Hampden, reading of Scriptures and prayer by Samuel A. Lewis, of Connecticut, a deaf mute preacher; reading of the Constitution by the Secretary, and an oration by Professor Laurent Clare, of Hartford—all in "sign" language. The orator was very animated in his manner of delivery, and his audience often attested their appreciation of his eloquent signs by clapping of hands. Reverend Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, a son of the distinguished founder of the Hartford Asylum, interpreted the "sign" language to the hearing portion of the audience.

Mr. Turner, Principal of the Hartford Asylum, made an address in the "sign" language. Remarks were also made by Mr. J. P. Marsh, of Boston, and others. The Reporter remarks that "one rarely sees a more intelligent looking assemblage than was that of these men and women deprived of the power of hearing and speech. They appeared to be happy, too, and giving pleasing evidence of being well to do in the world."

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—News from Washington states that instructions were recently sent to California by the Secretary of the Navy substantially different from those previously transmitted. They are addressed to Commodore Mervine, or the senior officer on the station, advising him that the laws and government of the United States must be enforced, and the public property protected from violence. He is required to have two or more national vessels at San Francisco, and to retain them there until the insurrectionary movement shall cease, the present object being to protect the public property and the officers of the Federal Government should they be interrupted in the discharge of their respective duties, nothing more.

It is ascertained that instructions were likewise sent by the War Department to General Wool, for a similar purpose. In fact, Commodore Mervine and Gen. Wool are merely cautioned to exercise extraordinary circumspection and a wise discretion.

LORD PALMERSTON IN RUSSIA.—In Russia Lord Palmerston is the terrible monster whose name frightens alike women and cab-horses. "Lord Palmerston," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Morning Post, "will be surprised to learn that the isvotchiks (the drosky-drivers, corresponding with our cabmen,) chide their horses by shouting his name—and, when the animals are very refractory, subdue them by threatening that the the noble Lord is coming immediately. On relating this curious fact, I was told by persons fresh from the interior, that the same is now the case all over Russia, from St. Petersburg to the Don Cossacks, and from Lake Ladoga to the Caspian Sea."

GREAT SALE OF BREEDING STOCK.—R. R. Alexander, Esq., of Woodford county, Ky., said to be the most extensive breeder of fine stock in the United States, and who imported largely from England for the purpose, had his second annual sale on the 3rd inst., when 20 bulls and 13 heifers were sold—the former for an aggregate of $5 640, and the latter for $3,665—averaging $281 84 each. In addition to the cattle, there were 31 sheep sold, bucks and ewes, pure breed Southdowns and Cotswolds, which brought $851—an average of $27,46. One of the bulls brought $805.

DO NOT NEGLECT A COUGH, however slight, it is hardly excusable, when a simple remedy like Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam is within your reach. This is nearly all cases effectual. No family should be without it.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 30 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-6t*

THE RESULT IN MAINE.—The Republicans are in ecstacies at the result of the election in Maine. They congratulate daily and nightly at their head-quarters to rejoice over the news as they come in from "down East," and very many of them, it is observed, take occasion to drop in and get themselves new clothes at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street.

INHALATION IN DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS

Dr. Morson, M. R. C. S. London, Associate of Dr. R. Hunter, New York, may be consulted either personally or by letter, at his residence, 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The Treatment by Inhalation is established as the only rational, natural and successful mode of overcoming that large class of affections of the Throat and Lungs so long considered incurable under the old practice.

Those at a distance wishing to consult Dr Morson will be furnished (on application) with a list of questions, the answering of which will enable him to prescribe for them at their own homes.

MLLE TERESA PARODI.—This beautiful and accomplished lady, assisted by a number of distinguished artistes, gave a grand concert last week, at the Musical Fund Hall, which was literally jammed with the *elite* of our city. No encomiums of ours can approach the real merits of the performers, so we shall content ourselves with simply remarking that the audience was composed of the most beautiful ladies and best-dressed gentlemen we ever saw. The majority of the latter, doubtless, procured their clothing from the elegant store of Granville Stokes, No 200 Chestnut Street.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although these Pills were prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $5; twelve, $21.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner Fifth and Chestnut. sep20-4t

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sep13-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 8th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1851 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. So that the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have NOT had a *single Fit;* the use of *my limbs has returned,* and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen, | G. S. Brown,
Geo S. Sanders, | C. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones, | Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Miss MARY VIRGINIA, daughter of Samuel P. Hawes, Esq of Richmond, was recently united in marriage to the Rev. EDWARD P. TERHUNE, of Charlotte county, Va. Miss Hawes is the accredited authoress of the novels "Alone," and the "Hidden Path," both of which were published over the nom de plume of "Marian Harland."—*Exchange Paper.*

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. JAMES A. PHILLIPS, to Miss MARY L. DAVENPORT, both of this city.

On the 31st of August, by the Rev. James H. Hopkins, Mr. ASA, Alderman of Pleasant Valley, Ohio, to Miss LOIS WHEELER, of Athens county, Ohio.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. JONATHAN DIELY, to Miss ELMIRA A. G. KEMPER.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D. Mr. GEORGE PATTON, to Miss REBECCA SAUNDERSON, both of this city.

At Baltimore, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. C. Brooks, Mr. JOSEPH EVANS, to Miss SARAH A. HITES, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. WILLIAM A. STORY, to Miss EMMA T. JONES, daughter of Mark T. Jones, Esq. both of this city.

On the 5th of September, 1856, by the Rev. J. McCarter, Mr. THOMAS H. CLARK, to Miss ANNIE WATSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN SCARGILE, to Miss MARY WILLIAMS, both of Camden co. N. J.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John M. Richards, Mr. JOHN B. COLLINS, of Chester county, to Miss EMELINE HARMAN, of Philadelphia.

In Washington city, on the 3d instant, by Friends' Ceremony, LEWIS G. GREEN, of Philadelphia, to ANNIE E. BISHOP, of Media, Delaware county, Pa.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. William C. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES HENRY, of Marble Hall, Montgomery county, to Miss LETITIA CUNNINGHAM.

On the 24th ultimo, by the same, Mr. JOHN COOPER, to Miss MARTHA CAMERON, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Henry W. Ducachet, D. D. ROBERT C. WARLEY, of Dubuque, Iowa, to JENNIE M. daughter of Wm. Pinchin, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Johnston, Mr. ROBERT RUHENKAMP, to Miss ELIZABETH H. CONNERDEN, both of Winslow, N. J.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. James McCarter, Mr. ISAAC D. WRIGHT, to Miss LIZZIE E. JOHNSON, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN HOUSEMAN, Jr. to Mrs. RACHEL VAUGHN, both of Manayunk.

On the 9th of April, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. J. E. CUMMINS, to TILLIE, daughter of Wm. L. Stickney, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. THOMAS C. JOHNSON, to Miss REBECCA C. ROE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. JAMES EAGLE, to Miss EMELINE DUNCAN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM V. CAVENAUGH, to Miss KATE K. CREATHS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. McKim Duncan, Mr. JOHN H. SPENCELEY, to VIRGINIA, daughter of the late Cornelius E. Marston, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George B. Allinson, JOHN LUDEN, to Miss JANE WELSH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, ELLA, twin daughter of Jos. and Esther R. HAINES, in the 6th year of her age.

ELIZABETH MCCORD, daughter of Mrs. Anthony Tully, aged 20 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARGARET CURRAN, aged 60.

On the 9th instant, JANE, wife of William Gregory, aged 53 years.

On the 10th instant, JAMES WORTHINGTON, aged 16 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. EDWARD LOCKE, aged 70 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. HUGH SHAW, aged 41 years.

On the 9th instant, TWIN, daughter of John and Ellen Campbell, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the 10th instant, ELISHA, son of Elisha and Ann R. Morris, aged 8 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. THOMAS REID, aged 24 years.

On the 9th instant, KATE MCELVEEN, aged 19 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY JANE, daughter of John and Leah Guggenheim, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS, son of John and Ellen Donaby, aged 2 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. SARAH MCKEOWN, aged 66 years.

On the 8th instant, DAVID CONRAD, aged 50 years.

On the 8th instant, ALEXANDER WATT, aged 18 years.

On the 9th instant, Miss ANN G. GALLAGHER, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Jane Shaw, aged 25 years.

On the 10th instant, SARAH H. daughter of P. S. and E. H. Morris, aged 7 years and 3 months.

On the 9th instant, ROBERT REED, aged 41 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ELLIOTT, aged 52 years.

At Norristown, Pa. on the 8th instant, SAMUEL JAMISON, Esq. aged 71 years.

On the 8th instant, at Mount Holly, Mrs. ROXANNA DENIKER, aged 78 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM MCCOWAN, aged 78 years.

On the 4th instant, ANNE JANE, daughter of Anne and the late James Boyd, aged 22 years.

On the 9th instant, MARY A. BRADY, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 7th instant, HOWARD, son of Jos. and Mary St John, aged 4 years and 5 months.

On the 5th instant, MARY SMITH, aged 25 years.

On the 7th instant, MARY HEYBURN, wife of Aaron V. Parsons, aged 45 years.

On the 7th instant, JAMES K. son of John and Ann Kelly, aged 2 years.

On the 6th ultimo, SARAH COLLIER, aged 108 years. Servant to Gen. Washington.

On the 7th instant, MARGARET, wife of Dennis Merry, aged 36 years.

On the 6th instant, BRIDGET CLANCY, aged 17 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM W SELLERS, aged 53 years.

At Manayunk, on the 7th instant, Mr. JOHN WIMPENNY, aged 56 years.

On the 7th instant, CHARLOTTE FRANCIS, daughter of E. A. P. and Maria L. Moore, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 7th instant, LUCINA M wife of James S Dayton, Esq.

On the 8th instant, at Westfield, N. J., MIRIAM SHARP, aged 87 years.

In Camden, on the 6th instant, JOSHUA F. son of Joshua and Rebecca Githens, aged 9 years.

On the 5th instant, MARIA TERESSA, wife of Andreas H. Nieland, aged 41 years.

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This book is not a reprint from the columns of the Tribune, but has been written expressly in its present form. It will be found a graphic, vigorous sketch of the attempts to plant Slavery in the Territory; and, considering the circumstances in which it was written—the author having been actively engaged in many of the exciting scenes he describes—it is no mere effort of hand in style than was to be expected.

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Newark, New Jersey, Sept. 12, 1856, at the State Fair held at this place, from the 8th to the 12th of this month, R. D. Granger's MAGIC CORN, COB AND MEAL MILL took the first premium over the Little Giant Single and Double Mill, and all other mills on the ground. This is the first fair of the season, and the Magic Mill wins the first prize. And so it ought, and so it will at all other State and County Fairs wherever it goes, as it is the best Mill for Grinding Corn, Cob and Meal in the country, and would recommend it to all farmers in want of a Mill. For sale by

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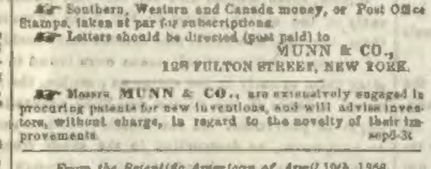

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THE PARTING.

Kitty! I'd press you to my heart,
But all such pressure you decry—
There's too much cotton, whalebone, lace,
'Twixt you and I.

I'd only mess the dry goods up,
And make you blubber, pout and frown,
Besides, I might, oh, ad mischance!
Break whalebone down!

Farewell! I'll pray when next we meet,
And meet we may, if fashion change,
At least that we may come within
Good talking range!

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country, to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission, he said to his daughter,

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner, to make his old friend a call.

"Where is brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I *must* see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was designated. With no gentle voice, and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, reiterating to his fervency his gratification.

"I think, brother Williams, that you are a *little* inconsistent."

"How so, how so, brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you was not to be disturbed, even if St. Paul called? yet you appeared very glad to see me."

"No, no, brother Bently, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."—*Hingham Journal.*

A MAJORITY ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Several years ago, a celebrated Methodist minister and revivalist, well-known for his eloquence and zeal in converting souls, was preaching in Louisville. The feeling had got pretty well up, and one night, after a very "powerful" sermon, he came down from the pulpit, for the purpose of receiving the mourners, while the good old hymn of—

"Canaan, oh! Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan!"

was struck up and chimed in by hundreds of voices. The hymn was concluded, but there were no penitents at the altar. In vain he exhorted—his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his congregation without exciting an emotion. At length he concluded to make a bold strike and follow it up with a *test*, and resuming the pulpit, after a few words of exhortation, he solemnly announced that he would put a question, upon which he expected all to vote in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With finger raised most significantly, and in a most solemn manner, he announced: "All those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet."

Only some eight or ten responded to the announcement; and while the minister was watching intensely for others to signify their position by "rising," a worthy member, who was on his feet, interfered, and suggested that "the reason might be that the true disciples were too modest to vote."

At this juncture, a loud voice was heard in the gallery:

"I say, brother ———, it's no use a talking or trying to force this vote—*this congregation is for old Nick by at least twenty-five hundred majority!*"

AN IRISH WAGER.—"Nate hand you are, thin, my darling!" said one Irish bricklayer to another; "you mount the ladder wid your hod full o' stones, and scatter 'em on the heads iv us as you go. Och! blatheration, blood and ouns! by them that's holy, I'd carry yourself up, from the flats to the roof, and down again, widout your bein' spilt."

"You don't do it, sir!" returned the fellow-laborer; "I'd lay a trifle you couldn't."

"For a pint o' whiskey I would though—is it the likes o' you I might not lift? D'ye take my bet, honey?"

"Faith, I'll bet my hide against yer pint, and that's a fair trade, that you can't."

"In wid your dirty karkas, and we'll thry it."

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful. When two-thirds up the ladder, Paddy roared out—

"M'Carty, ye divil ye, sit aisy, or I'll spill ye!"

"Sure, an' isn't it that I'd be after having ye do?" returned Mac.

When safe landed, he exclaimed—

"I didn't think it was in the likes o' ye. As it happens, you've won—I'm bate; but just as he was comin' by the third story *I was in hopes!*"

HAIR TURNED BLACK.—Two of our lady friends were reading, the other day, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has ever been, now is, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage—

"Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears—"

the listener interposed as follows:

"*White!* How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our friend, Mrs. G———, of Twelfth street, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely *black* within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

IRISH ACUTENESS.—One small (Irish) yarn more, and I'll "dry up." You know a soldier has two dresses—full uniform and fatigue; the one blazing with worsted embroidery, t'other dull and sombre-looking. Patrick Hogan, of the Second United States Foot, stationed in the year of grace '26, Tampa Bay, E. F., went forth one day into the wilderness, near the barracks, and seating himself beneath a palmetto, essayed to read a small Roman Catholic book called "The Words of Jesus," when "*zoom!*" a yellow-jacket hornet stung him under the left ear. "It hurt," and Pat chased the "*little animal*" for some time, but fruitlessly. Next day, went forth again; same tree; same book; everything quiet, when buzz! buzz! a large grown beetle came flying up. Pat looked at him, and left. "Ah, my boy," said he, "d'ye think I don't know ye in yer "*fatigues?*"—*Knickerbocker.*

THE FARMER AND THE DUKE.—The late Mr. Hamilton, farmer, Dykebar, visiting the palace of Hamilton on one occasion, and brought into conversation with the late duke, his grace, pleased with the humor of the old farmer, said, in a jocular way, "Pray, Mr. Hamilton, where in our family tree am I to look for your family?" "Hooh!"—drawing a long breath, as if astonished, the old man replied—"Wha wad ever think o' louking for the root amang the branches?" The duke, it is said, laughed heartily, and added, "Quite true, quite true; it would be folly to do so."

NOT BAD.—A swain living near a town in New York, had taken a young country girl to a Fourth of July ball in the neighborhood. But the aforesaid swain found metal more attractive in the long room, and left his girl a "wall-flower" until the night was well-nigh spent. Just as the ball was about to close, however, he came up to the neglected fair one and said:

"Don't you want to dance?"

"Dance!" she replied, "guess I do. Where have you ben? I have ben sittin' down till I thought I should ha' *taken root*."

A TURKISH COMPLIMENT.—A story is related of a Turk who married. His wife, when unveiled, proved to be very ugly. A few days after the nuptials, she said to him: "My life, as you have many relations, I wish you to inform me before which of them I may unveil?" "My soul," said the husband, "if thou wilt but conceal thy face from *me*, I care not to whom thou showest it."

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE MILKMAN.—A Dutchman, in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street, with a dish in each hand, instead of one, as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels. The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word,—"Dis for de *milluk*, and dis for de *water*, and I will mix them so as to shute mineself."

A "MAN WITH A HEART IN HIM."—Batty, the Equestrian, began his professional life, to use his own description, "with a prad and a monkey." The "prad," or horse, conveyed him from one Fair to another, and assisted his master and the monkey in the performance of various tricks and eccentricities. The trio lived lovingly together, and picked up at times a humble competency. Times were sometimes hard, and it was during the hardness which a want of appreciation of his merits occasioned, that Batty, who was in despair, was lucky enough to find the shoe of a donkey. He received the omen as one of future success, kept the bit of iron about his person as a popish devotee would keep the relic of a saint, and from that moment dated the advancement of his fortune and his progress to riches. He became, in due time, the proprietor of Astley's Amphitheatre, the summit of his ambition.

His predecessors had both established a code of regulations for the government of the establishment, which was apparently coercive and severe. His fertility of invention and ingenuity of contrivance begat improvements, which kept order, and which, when order was broken, put money in his pocket. Thus he was accustomed to go into the stable amongst the grooms and helpers, and address them in this manner:—

"My boys, I'm a man with a heart in me. When it turns up trumps for me, I take care that you share in my luck. Last night I'd a good house, so here's half a sovereign among you to drink success to the concern. But remember the regulation. Whoever kicks up a row forfeits a week's wages. Be merry and wise. I'm a man with a heart in me."

The consequence of this seeming generosity was, nine times out of ten, the "row" which Mr. Batty had deprecated. The gin and beer caused a fermentation in the tempers of the recipients; old jealousies were revived, old quarrels renewed, and a "battle royal" was the result. The proprietor entered when the affray was at its height, rebuked the combatants, and mulcted each and all of them a week's wages. This novel method of showing he had "a heart" was a means of raising his reputation for liberality, and at the same time of increasing the contents of his purse.

Having made a great deal of money, he retired, took a house at Golder's Green, and being resolved to acquire the respect of his neighbors, as well as to increase his limited knowledge of the doctrines of the Church of England, no edifice connected with which, he was accustomed to say, he had ever entered but twice in his life—viz.: when he was christened and when he was married—he rented a pew in the district chapel, and regularly attended the services performed therein. He described his proceedings in the following manner: "I've been a bad man, but I've got a heart in me. I've got a pooh (pew) at the church, just for all the world like a box at booth! I bought a stunning rale prayer book, not a property prayer book (a sham book used on the stage), a rale prayer book, bound in rale red morocco, with beautiful silk garters, for all the world like garters in the ring. I've called on the parson, had the 'creams' put to the 'drag,' and gived him an horder for Astley's. Fine man! A reg'lar cove to cackle; can't he cut whids (speak to the purpose) neither! I've been a bad man, but it's all right; he pitched it pretty strong, but it's a great consolation I've a heart in me."—*Richardson's Recollections.*

THE PHRENOLOGIST AND THE LOVERS.—In the course of Dr. Andrew Combe's residence in Paris, M. S——— (a foreign friend) introduced to his daughter a lover whom he regarded as worthy to receive her hand, and to inherit his fortune; but unfortunately for the old gentleman's choice, the young lady had already found a lover for herself, to whom she was warmly attached; and as she had taken her mother into her confidence, she now appealed to her for support. The mother, after seeing both suitors, greatly preferred Eugenie's choice; but the father's friend held a superior social position to that of his rival, and was, therefore, strongly supported by the father. During Dr. Combe's visit to the family, they had frequently been struck by the acute and correct descriptions which, with the aid of phrenology, he gave them of the talents and dispositions of individuals whom he met in their circle, and whom they knew intimately; and as both parents loved Eugenie dearly, and aimed only at her happiness, they took him into their counsels, and asked him to examine the heads of the two lovers, and to advise them honestly and confidentially which was the superior man. He did so, and reported that the father's friend was by nature selfish, cunning and ambitious; while Eugenie's choice, in whom a good development of the intellectual was united to a large development of the moral organs evidently was the higher natural character of the two. The father having, it is believed, subsequently discovered the true character of his candidate, yielded; and in the course of time Eugenie and her lover were married.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE'S THEORY THAT PROPHECY MAY BELONG TO THE SOUL OF MAN.—From this divine principle, that Man's soul is made after God's image, I am almost induced to believe that *Prophecy* is no miraculous gift bestowed upon the soul at extraordinary occasions only, but is a natural (though the highest) perfection of our Human Nature. For if it be natural for the stamp to have impressed upon it all the traits that dwell upon the face of the seal, then it must be natural to the soul which is God's *impressa*, to have a faculty of foreseeing, since that is one of God's excellencies. Albeit I confess, that that stamp is here infinitely bedimmed and worn off; as also we know by experience, that men upon a death-bed, when the soul begins (being detached by sickness from the body's slavery) to act like itself, do foresee and foretell many remote and improbable events. And for the same reason, I do think predictions by dreams, not to be extraordinary revelations, but rather the products natural of a rational soul. And if sagacious men can be so sharp sighted in this state of glimmering as to foresee many events which fall out; why may we not say that Man, if he were rehabilitated in the former state of pure nature, might, without any extraordinary assistance, foresee and prophesy? For there is not such a distance betwixt that foresight and prophecy, as is betwixt the two states of Innocency and Corruption, according to the received notions which men have settled to themselves of that primitive state of Innocency.—*Sir Geo. Mackenzie, The Virtuoso.*

EVERY LADY HER OWN PERAMBULATOR.

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Agricultural.

DESTROYING PERNICIOUS INSECTS.

T. Glover, the distinguished entomologist connected with the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, has lately furnished the National Agricultural Society with a most interesting essay on destructive insects and birds; and he enjoins our farmers to study their habits. He says:

"A close study of the habits and transactions of any one of the pernicious insects (ball worm, wheat midge, caterpiller, &c.) by the practical and intelligent farmer, would prove not only a source of great pleasure, as leading him to a keener sense of the beauteous and wonderful works of nature, as exemplified in the singular transformations insects undergo, before they assume the perfect or fly state, but also a source of great profit, as by experimenting upon them in all the stages of their existence, he might perchance discover some practical method by which their extermination could be effected. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary that a farmer should be able to recognise the insects that destroy his crops, in all their various and wonderful transformations, before any effectual remedy can be applied; as in one stage of their life they may be suffered to live and enjoy themselves, nay, even sometimes be protected, whilst in another stage we persecute and destroy them by every means in our power. For example, the beautiful butterfly of the *papilio asterias*. Any humane and kind hearted farmer, unversed in entomology, who should see his children chasing and killing the beautiful black and yellow spotted butterfly that was flitting joyously over his vegetable garden, in the spring or early summer, apparently leading a life of mere harmless pleasure, would, no doubt, reprove them for wantonly destroying such a pretty, harmless insect; and yet, if the truth was known, this pretty and much to be pitied insect is the parent of all those nauseous smelling green and black spotted worms that later in the season destroy his parsley, celery, parsnips, and carrots. Yet by merely crushing the parent fly at one blow early in the season, before it has deposited its eggs, he would be spared the vexation of either seeing his plants devoured and seed destroyed, or having the disagreeable task of picking off, one by one, some hundreds of caterpillars later in the season. This fact will be more apparent when I state how incredibly fast some insects multiply, especially in the warmer climate of the South, where there is little frost to destroy vegetable life, and there are several generations in one season. Dr. John Gamble, of Tallahassee, Fla., assisted by myself, dissected a female ball-worm moth or miller (an insect which in the caterpillar state is most destructive to cotton,) and we discovered a mass of eggs, which when counted amounted, at the least calculation, to five hundred, duly hatched, for the first generation, say one half males, the rest females; the second generation, if undisturbed, would amount to 125,000, and the third be almost incalculable.

"Now, these mother flies are not very numerous early in the season, owing to the birds devouring them, the rigor of winter, and various other accidental causes, and if practical means were found to destroy them as early in the spring as possible, the immense ravages of the second and third generations might be prevented. In one female (æcetieus) case or hangworm, so destructive to the shade trees, I counted nerly eight hundred eggs; although the specimen was but small. Now were all these cases taken from every infected tree in the winter, when they can most easily be seen, owing to the fall of the leaf, and then immediately burned, the trees would be comparatively free the next season; and by following this plan for one or two years more, the work growing gradually less and less, the insect might finally be exterminated, inasmuch as the female never leaves her case, but forms her nest of eggs inside; and yet these noxious pests are suffered year by year to increase, when so little trouble would destroy them. Other insects, again, have other habits, which, if fully known, would likewise lead to their destruction."

HOW TO PRESERVE TURNIPS FROM THE FLY, &c.—I have this year growing in a field of ten acres, a crop of dibbled Swedes that have come up very thickly, not one plant of which appears to have been attacked with the fly, nor have birds apparently molested them, whereas, in another field on the same farm, at some distance therefrom, these pests have done much mischief. Along the headlands of the former field were deposited, about the end of April, in a heaped row, the weeds and other rubbish taken out in cleaning it. This heap, after being covered over with a layer of sods and earth, was ignited along its entire length, and it has kept smouldering ever since, emitting all the time a good deal of smoke, which, as the wind has been generally from that quarter, has almost constantly hovered over the field, so that to this circumstance I have no doubt may be attributed the complete preservation of the plant from the ravages above mentioned; and, moreover, instead of the smoke doing any injury, it appears to have afforded benefit by causing the foliage of the plants to assume a darker color, as well as their growth to be stronger. The land was manured in the common way with farm-yard dung, and nothing else.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE TANSY AND ITS VALUE.—M. de Morogues announces that this plant, dried, is excellent sheep food, and that when fresh it makes capital litter for domestic animals. Its peculiar balsamic odor most effectually drives away fleas. A lap-dog sleeping on a bed of fresh Tansy is immediately freed from these vermin. It should be renewed when the leaves are quite dry. This seems a better application of the plant than following the example of our grandmothers and making it into cakes.

CORNS ON HORSES' FEET.—J. G. Kemp, of Wayne Centre, Ill., says, in the Prairie Farmer, that he knows "by experience that by paring the hoof and cutting the corn off slightly, not too much, because that will make it sore, and then applying Spirits of Salt, you may cure corns of long standing. Three cents' worth of Spirits of Salt will last a man his lifetime."

MUSHROOM GROWING.

A correspondent has reminded us of our promise to give an article on mushroom-growing, and asks if he can grow them in his cellar, which is cool, and seldom freezes.

To the latter, we answer yes. There is no better place for the purpose, and with care they will continue in bearing in such a place for a long time; in fact, by having two beds, one made now and another about November, this much-prized esculent can be had the winter through. If in the coldest weather the temperature is likely to get low in the cellar, the beds should be covered with a few inches of coarse hay. This will not in the least prevent the growth of the mushrooms, only requiring a little caution in lifting the hay, in case some of them should be grown up partially through it.

If the droppings were saved as recommended in a former paper, the task will be light, merely requiring to be thrown together; if dry, watered just sufficient to moisten the whole, and allowed to get into a heat, and it is ready for building.

If the manure has still to be got, select that which has laid sufficiently loose not to have exhausted itself already. Throw it into a heap, rejecting the very long straw, in sufficient quantities to build a bed the size required. When in a proper state, i. e., when nicely heated through the whole mass, get the bed made after the following manner: Set up a board a foot or fifteen inches deep, and six feet from one of the outer walls, any length desired. Take the prepared manure and spread, shaking it well to pieces, evenly over the whole surface; tread down quite firm, and then add another six inches, and so on until the manure is as high as the board, with a rise of an inch or two towards the back. Before finishing it must be made quite firm; it is then left for a few days for the fermentation, if any, to take place. If rightly managed, so thin a bed will seldom be too warm for spawning. Break up the spawn into pieces an inch square or thereabouts, and insert in the manure by means of a blunt-pointed dibble; stick six inches apart and one below the surface, over the whole bed. Then lay on, when well pressed down, soil not less than two inches thick. If the soil is not made quite firm and solid, the mushrooms will seldom amount to much. If the soil is not inclined to bind down sufficiently firm, add a little water with a very fine rose pot, and then use the back of the spade directly after, and it will not fail to bind down close. But little air is necessary at any time, as it tends only to dry the bed, and the more it can be kept uniformly moist without artificial waterings the better. It matters not how dark the place is where they are grown in.

The late bed would be better, made away from the wall, nearly triangular in shape, with a base of four feet, to be spawned and soiled on all its sides. This tends to prolong the heat in the bed, which is desirable in the depth of winter.

We have seen capital mushrooms grown in beds under the green house stage in winter. In fact, the place is no object, the main requisites being horse manure in the proper state, a uniform medium temperature, and the beds at all times moist without being sodden with wet.—*Country Gentleman.*

CATTLE RAISING.—The Pittsburg Evening Chronicle calls attention to the diminishing supply of beef cattle in proportion to the demand, to show our Western farmers the importance of paying more attention to this department of their business.

At the present prices of beef, there is no branch of farming more profitable than stock raising, or that can be carried on with fewer farm hands, and at less expense.

A farm devoted to stock raising may be constantly increased in fertility and richness, while one that is employed in the cultivation of the cereals is liable to constant and speedy exhaustion.

There are thousands of acres of wild land in Texas and other Western States, admirably adapted to stock raising, where the expenses of rearing and winter is comparatively trifling. But in this business, as in all others, every farmer should aim at improvement. A half, three-quarters, or full-blooded Durham, which will cost no more to rear it, will bring, at three years old, say $75 or $100, while an animal of the common breed hardly half this sum can be realized for it.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTS.—A valuable discovery has been made by a French gentleman whose garden was invaded by ants. They swarmed at Rambouillet, in his flower-baskets and among his flower-beds, to such a degree that it was impossible to attack them with boiling water without killing the plants. M. du Ribert therefore took another course.—After stirring well up the nut heaps and removing the "eggs," he scattered over them a few handfuls of guano; and with such success, that his whole garden was presently cleared. This gentleman regards guano as an ant-poison, and he declares it to be his conviction that, under all circumstances, its action will be the same. He found it useful to water the guano slightly after having applied it, but it does not appear that this was of so much consequence to the ants as to the plants. A writer in the Gardener's Chronicle says, in order to test this statement, he has made a few experiments with the most satisfactory results.

A LIME LESSON FOR YOUNG FARMERS.—One ton of chalk, after burning, yields eleven and a quarter hundred weight of lime. The loss of weight in the chalk is accounted for by the dissipation of the carbonic acid by the action of the fire, as one hundred pounds of limestone or chalk consists of forty-four pounds of carbonic acid, fifty-one of lime, and the remainder water. A ton of lime required a quarter of a ton of water to slake it; so that a ton of lime, after it is slaked, becomes twenty-five hundred weight. The following are called lime plants, because they eat it, that is, remove it from the soil: lucerne, clover, beans, potatoes, peas. A crop of clover, say one ton, takes from the soil more than half a hundred weight of lime. Lime destroys plants that are indigenous to marshes; thus it poisons heath, moss, bent and sour grasses.

☞ A gentleman writing from Texas, says, "I heard an old hunter remark a few days since that, the turkies were so fat that he could see the grease in their tracks where they had walked along."

SELECTION OF SEED CORN.—Much complaint has been made this season that the corn saved for seed did not vegetate, and of course there would follow a failure of a full crop—for a second planting is not expected to produce much, even in case the seed is sure to be genuine.

All farmers should be careful to select their own seed corn, and keep it as sacred as the hard money which they sometimes stow away in the garret or other loft, where thieves may not break through and steal.

We are aware that many "have not time" to save garden seeds—and when they have gathered them they have no place to put them clear of the mice. And when they stow them away in the safest manner, they often forget at planting time where they made their deposits in the previous autumn.

Such farmers must go to the seed stores for their seed peas, beans, cucumbers, squashes, lettuce, &c. But let no real farmer neglect to save his *seed corn* in due season, and string it up, where it may be not only above the reach of mice, but above the suspicion of a foggy atmosphere and close covers. The best care of corn are often rendered unfit for vegetation by being put in hogsheads and close bins.

But the seed ears must not be selected in harvest time. They should be plucked in the field, at a time when the very earliest ears can be selected. This has an important effect on the next harvest, as all farmers know. And as corn wants the whole length of the season to insure a full harvest, it is vastly more important to gain a few days by selecting the very earliest ears, than to select the earliest of any of the English grains, for our summers are long enough for any of them. As soon as any of the ears in a cornfield have grown to be too hard for boiling, they may be gathered for seed. The husks should be stripped down, and the ears should be braided together by means of the husks, so that they may be hung up in the corn barn or other airy place. When so exposed they may hang for twenty years at least without detriment. But should they be closely packed there will be no certainty of their power of vegetation.

The selection of the best ears at husking time is not the thing; for a great majority of the ears then appear sound, though some may have ripened a whole week earlier than others. Just think of a week's gain in the latter part of August. One week would save many a field of corn from a cruel frost.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO RENEW MATTRESSES.—When mattresses become hard and bunchy rip them, and take out the hair, pull it thoroughly, let it lie a day or two to air, wash the tick, lay in the hair as light and even as possible, and stitch it down as before. The mattress will be as good as ever.

PERMANENT LIQUID GLUE.—A good fluid glue ready at all times for instant use without any preliminary preparation, is one of the most useful articles of stock with which the workshop can be furnished. To make such a glue all that is necessary is to melt three pounds of glue in a quart of water, and then drop in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid. When this ingredient is added, the mixture is to be removed from the fire and allowed to cool. Glue so prepared has been kept in an open bottle for two years, and still ready for use on the instant.

DESTRUCTION TO HOUSE BUGS.—The French Academy of Sciences is assured by Baron Thenard that boiling soap and water, consisting of two parts of common soap, and 100 parts of water by weight, infallibly destroys bugs and their eggs. It is enough to wash walls, woodwork, &c., with the boiling solution to be entirely relieved from this horrid pest.

WHIPT CREAM.—Whites of twelve eggs; cream, one quart; pale sherry, half a pint; essence of musk and ambergris, of each, ten drops; essence of lemon and orange peel, of each, three or four drops; whisk to a froth, remove the latter on to a sieve, fill the glasses with the cream, and then pile the froth on the top of them. Very fine.

FOUNDER.—A writer in the Country Gentleman gives the following recipe, which is represented as a sure and speedy remedy, as far as his experience goes; and adds that he has seen this remedy tested as often with perfect success, that he would not make five dollars difference in a horse foundered, (if done recently) and one that was not:—

"Take a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, pull the horse's tongue out of his mouth as far as possible, and throw the alum down his throat, let go of his tongue and hold up his head until he swallows. In six hours' time (no matter how bad the founder,) he will be fit for moderate service."

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

DESTRUCTION OF RATS.—Before storing your crops, destroy the rats about your premises. The following recipes may be recommended:—

1. A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express suggests the following plan for the destruction of these vermin: Feed them with flour and a few sweet almonds bruised, and mixed with a small quantity of molasses to form a paste, together with a few drops of aniseed for 5 or 6 nights, until they take it freely, never laying more of the mixture than they will eat up clean; then add a teaspoonful of carbonate of barytes to a pound of the paste. By using the above composition, the correspondent of the Mark Lane Express says that he has kept his premises clear of rats at a small expense a year.

2. Place fresh fish in the place of their resort for several nights in succession; and when you find they consume them freely, sprinkle *arsenic* over the fish. Rats are passionately fond of fresh fish, readily eat them, while the poison will speedily give them their quietus.

SEALING WAX FOR FRUIT CANS.—A very good sealing wax is made by melting and stirring well together one ounce of Venice turpentine, four ounces of common resin, and six ounces of gum shellac. A beautiful red color may be given by adding one-quarter of an ounce or less of vermillion.

BUTTER FROM A TREE.—In Africa, on the banks of the Niger, is a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree resembles our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled, and the butter thus obtained is whiter, finer, and of a richer flavor than that which is obtained from the cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt. The growth and preparation of this article is one of the leading objects of African industry, and constitutes the main article of their industry and commerce.

☞ LADIES' FASHIONS IN FRANCE.—The French "tubular" process of inflation greatly conduces to general convenience, and likewise prevents the toilettes from being crushed. These "tubulars" are pipes introduced into and meandering round the skirts and flounces of gowns, with a screw valve attached to the upper end of a pendant tube within the side pocket slit. This little tube can be raised to the mouth so as to inflate the dress, or unscrewed so as to allow the air to escape. As ladies cannot well stoop to perform the act of inflation themselves, they apply to their *femmes de chambre*, with a word of command, equivalent to "blow me tight."

☞ Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 21, 23, 13, 6, 17, is distinguished for a battle fought there in 1312, between the Christians and Moors.

My 2, 5, 22, 11, was a celebrated English barrister.

My 3, 23 22, 14, 24, 21, 10, 1, 20, was an Ambassador to France in 1789.

My 4, 21, 12, 10, 14, was the nation by whom astronomy and geometry were introduced into England.

My 5, 9, 20, 8, 19, 11, 7, was a trusty friend of Essex.

My 6, 9, 21, 19, 15, was a distinguished English poet, historian and novelist.

My 7, 15, 6, 21, 22, was a noted German chemist.

My 8, 9, 19, 23, was a battle field where fought the Saracens and Christians.

My 9, 12, 6, 19, 9, 15, was one of the inventors of printing.

My 10, 12, 24, 8, is a celebrated city taken by Charles V., of Germany, in 1527.

My 11, 22, 22, 25, 7, is a distinguished American authoress.

My 12, 22, 16, 25, 18, 14, was the discoverer of the planets Pallas and Vesta.

My 13, 15, 22, 15, 20, 12, was an ancient King of Denmark.

My 14, 9, 20, 18, 23, 13, 11, 10, was one of the inventors of printing.

My 15, 20, 21, 24, 6, 14, was a distinguished American officer in the French and Indian wars.

My 16, 12, 6, 24, 21, 16, 1, 20, is noted for being the place where Henry VII., of England, vanquished Richard Third.

My 17, 10, 7, 5, was a noted Roman tribune.

My 18, 21, 9, 20, 11, 22, 23, 25, was an ancient city of France, captured by Richelieu.

My 19, 17, 7, 14, 12, was an Italian poet, born at Sorrento.

My 20 23, 18, 7, 9, 2, 11, 21, was a distinguished English astronomer.

My 21, 1, 20, 12, was King of Germany during the ninth century.

My 22, 25, 3, was an Englishman, the inventor of stocking-knitting.

My 23, 15, 20, was an ancient Scottish King.

My 24, 5, 2, 13, 25, 19, 2, was an ancient King of Scotland.

My 25, 12, 7, 14, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 26, 5, 19, 23, 18, 22, 12, 21, was a battle which resulted most disastrously to the French.

My whole was an important event which occurred during the sixteenth century. GARMEW.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 21, 18, 17, 20, 6, 18, 7, 26, is a Northern lake.

My 3, 12, 22, 10, 26, is a Greek vowel.

My 3, 18, 6, 18, 7, 15, 21, is the capital of one of the Southern States.

My 4, 7, 18, 16, 19, 13, 18, is a noted waterfall.

My 5, 11, 13, 18, 26, 12, is an epithet of Minerva.

My 6, 12, 17, 26, 25, 9, was an island sacred to Vulcan.

My 7, 26, 19, 18, was the title of ancient Peruvian Kings.

My 8, 20, 18, 22, 19, 21, 23, 8, is a Greek word signifying Governor.

My 9, 18, 6, 5, 18, is a noted rock dangerous to mariners.

My 10, 23, 18, 17, 17, 19, 11, is a study sadly omitted in an education.

My 11, 5, 13, 8, 6, 8, 24, is an historical character, who suffered an excruciating death.

My 13, 17, 20, 7, 15, 5, is a name appropriated to vast dominions.

My 12, 18, 8, 6, 26, 3, was a General of the American Revolution.

My 14, 23, 20, 21, 23, 8, 24, was an ancient musician.

My 15, 26, 17, 8, 6, 9, 24, and 18, 22, 17, 8, 9, were twin-brothers.

My 16, 18, 17, is a potato.

My 17, 22, 6, 20, 23, 17, 19, 26, 5, is one of the Muses.

My 18, 26, 18, 1, 23, 12, 22, 26, was a Greek historian.

My 19, 23, 25, 12, 9, 8, 24, was a King of Lydia.

My 20, 18, 23, 17, 5, 26, 7, 14, was a noble General of antiquity.

My 21, 18, 6, 5, is a celebrated American authoress.

My 22, 26, 22, 18, 24, was the fabled founder of Italy.

My 23, 6, 24, 24, 17, 18, is a great European power.

My 24, 16, 3, 18, 1, 3, 24, 12, was an ancient city of maritime fame.

My 25, 20, 21, 7, 15, was a city whose site is not known.

My 26, 18, 20, 21, 6, 5, 14, 26, is a modern General of renown.

My whole is the founder of a female literary institution in the South. E. E.

Memphis, Tenn.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To preserve good order my *first* was designed;
My *second's* a verb you will bear in mind;
My *whole* is often engaged in by many,
But often it does not profit them any. CINROE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first has been the lot of all,
E'en since the world began;
For Father Adam, in his fall,
Bequeathed it unto man.

My next's a name well known to you,
You've heard it o'er and o'er;
A General 'twill bring to view,
Who came from Britain's shore.

My whole's a name you oft have heard,
'Tis not an idle boast,
To my he is—upon my word—
A writer for the Post. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Go to the forests of the West,
My first you'll surely see,
Go to the mighty river,
And there my second will be.

My whole is a little animal
That you have often seen,
Tuning its lips in summer-time,
Amidst the foliage green.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person bought a number of oranges at such a rate the price of an orange was to the number of oranges as 5. If the cost of the whole had been 45 cents more, number of oranges would have been to the price of an orange as 4 to 5. How many oranges did he buy, and what was price of each orange? LEYDEN.

Centre Hill, Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pole standing perpendicular on the side of a hill, 40 feet high, which was a perfect inclined plane, broke so that the extremity of the broken piece struck 40 feet from the foot of the hill, and a line from the foot of the pole, at right angles, to the broken place, measured 24 feet. Required the length of the piece left standing? W. E. G.

Juliustown, N. J.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ A CONUNDRUM FOR WESTERN READERS.—What best mode to cause a rise in Western lands? Ans.—A little of the East in them.

☞ A VERY NAUTICAL CONUNDRUM.—What kind has two mates and no captain? Ans.—A courtship.

☞ What two letters of the alphabet denote coolness? Ans.—I. C. (Icy.)

☞ When you say you owe Mr. Way, what State do name? Ans.—Iowa (I owe Way.)

☞ What Isle do maids steer for? Ans.—Isle of Man.

☞ Where should gardeners go? Ans.—Botany Bay.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

SCIENTIFIC ENIGMA.—Robert Fulton, who [illegible] fully applied steam as a motive power for [illegible].
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Baptism of Infant in the Church of Notre Dame, Paris.
ODD ENIGMA.—Still Waters Run Deep. CHARADE.—Bell. CHARADE.—Perjury. CHARADE.—[illegible]. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—2 and 3.

☞ A HARD HIT.—"One thing, indeed," Hosheim, speaking of heathenism, "appears at sight very remarkable—that the variety of it and gods in the heathen world, neither produces nor dissensions among the different nations."

☞ Certain young men being reproved by for their prodigality, excused themselves, say They had plenty enough out of which they Will you excuse a cook, said he, that should salt his meat because he had a store of salt?